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Mary L. Lowell  
Lowell July 1  
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**F R A N K.**

**BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.**

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# FRANK.

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## PART I.

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**T**HERE was a little boy, whose name was Frank. He had a father and mother, who were very kind to him: and he loved them; he liked to talk to them, and he liked to walk with them, and he liked to be with them. He liked to do what they asked him to do; and he took care not to do what they desired him not to do. When his father or mother said to him, 'Frank, shut the door,' he ran directly, and shut the door. When they said to him, "Frank, do not touch that knife," he took his hands away from the knife, and did not touch it. He was an obedient little boy.

One evening, when his father and mother were drinking tea, he was sitting under the tea-table; and he took hold of one of the legs of the table; and he tried to pull it towards himself; but he could not move it. He took hold of another leg of the table; and he found that he could not move it; but at last



he took hold of one, which he found that he could move very easily; for this leg turned upon a hinge, and was not fixed like the other legs—As he was drawing this leg of the table towards him, his mother said to him, 'Frank, what are you doing?'

And he answered, 'Mamma, I am playing with the leg of the table.'

And his mother said, 'what do you mean by saying that you are playing with the leg of the table?'

And Frank said, 'I mean that I am pulling it towards me, mamma.'

And his mother said, 'Let it alone, my dear.'

And Frank took his hands away from the leg of the table, and he let it alone; and he came from under the table; and he got up, and stood beside his mother; and he said, 'Mamma, I come away from the leg of the table, that I may not think of touching it any more;' and his father and mother smiled.

And Frank said, 'But, mother, will you tell me why you bid me let it alone?'

'Yes, I will, my dear,' said his mother; and she then moved some of the tea-cups and saucers to another table; and Frank's father put the tea-urn upon another table; and then Frank's mother said to him, 'Now, my dear Frank, go

and push the leg of the table, as you did before.’

And Frank pushed the leg of the table; and when he had pushed it a little way he stopped, and looked up at his mother, and said, ‘I see part of the top of the table moving down towards my head, mamma; and if I push this leg any farther back I am afraid that part of the table will fall down upon my head, and hurt me.’

‘I will hold up this part of the table, which is called the leaf,’ said his mother; ‘and I will not let it fall down upon your head—Pull the leg of the table back as far as you can.’ And Frank did as his mother desired him; and when he had pulled it back as far as he could, his mother bid him come from under the table; and he did so; and she said, ‘Stand beside me, and look what happens when I let go this leaf of the table, which I am now holding.’

And Frank said, ‘I know what will happen, I believe, mamma: it will fall; for now, that I have pulled back the leg, there is nothing to hold it up but your hand.’

Then his mother took away her hand, and the leaf of the table fell; and Frank put his hand upon his head, and said, ‘Oh, mamma, that would have hurt me very much, if it had fallen upon my head—I am glad I was not under the table when the leaf fell—And now I believe I

know the reason, mamma, why you asked me not to meddle with that leg of the table : because the leaf (is not that the name you told me ?) the leaf would have fallen upon my head, and would have hurt me—Was not that the reason, mamma ?

‘ That was one reason ; but I had some other reasons—Try if you can find out what they were, Frank,’ said his mother.

And Frank looked at the table, for a little while and then answered, ‘ I don’t know any other reasons, mamma ;’ but as he was saying these words, he saw his mother turn her head towards the table upon which she had put the cups and saucers.

‘ Oh now, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘ I know what you mean—If those cups and saucers had been upon this leaf of the table, they would have slid down when it fell, and they would have been broken.—And the urn too, mamma, would have come tumbling down ; and perhaps the top of the urn would have come off ; and then all the hot water would have come running out, and would have wet the room, and would have scalded me, if I had been under it—I am very glad, mamma, that I did as you bid me.’

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One day, Frank’s mother took him out to walk with her in the fields ; and he saw flowers of dif-

ferent colours, blue, red, yellow, and purple ; and he asked his mother, whether he might gather some of these flowers.

She answered, ‘ Yes, my dear ; you may gather as many of these flowers as you please.’

Then Frank ran, and gathered several flowers ; and in one corner of this field, upon a bank, he saw some blue-bells ; and he liked blue-bells, and he ran, and gathered them : and, in the next field, he saw a great number of purple flowers, which, he thought, looked very pretty ; and he got over the stile, and went into the next field, and went close up to the purple flowers ; they had yellow in the middle of them, and they grew upon a plant which had a great number of green leaves.

As Frank was pulling some of the purple flowers, he shook the green leaves ; and he saw amongst them several little green balls, which looked like very small apples. Frank wished to taste them ; and he was just going to pull one from the stalk, when he recollected that his mother had not given him leave to have them ; and he ran back to his mother, and said, ‘ Mamma, may I have some of those nice little apples ?’ and he pointed to the plants on which the purple flowers grew. His mother answered, ‘ I do not see any apples, my dear.’

‘ You will see them, mamma, if you will come a little closer to them,’ said Frank ; and he took his mother by the hand, and led her to the plants,

and showed her the little green balls, which he thought were apples.

‘My dear little boy,’ said his mother, ‘these are not apples: these things are not good to be eaten; they are poisonous, they would have made you sick, if you had eaten them.’

‘I am glad,’ said Frank, ‘that I did not taste them—But may I have one of them for a ball?’

‘No, my dear,’ said his mother, ‘do not meddle with any of them.’

Frank walked on, in the path, beside his mother; and he did not meddle with any of the little green balls. And he saw at a little distance from him, a boy, who was digging; and when he came near to this boy, Frank saw that he was digging up some of the plants that bore the pretty purple flowers; and Frank said, ‘Mamma, why does this boy dig up these things? Is he going to throw them away.’

And Frank’s mother said, ‘Look, and you will see what part of them he keeps, and what part of them he throws away.’

And Frank looked, and he saw that the boy pulled off the brown and white round roots of the plant: and he put those roots into a basket. The green part of the plant, and the purple flowers, and the green balls, which Frank mistook for apples, he saw that the boy threw away.

And Frank said to his mother, ‘What are those roots in the basket?’

His mother said, 'Look at them, and try if you can find out—You have eaten roots like them—You often see roots like these at dinner.'

'I do not remember,' said Frank, 'ever having seen such dirty things as these at dinner.'

'They are washed and boiled before you see them at dinner; and then they look white,' said his mother.

Frank looked again at the roots which were in the basket; and he said, 'Mamma, I think that they are potatoes.'

'Yes, my dear, they are potatoes,' said his mother; and then Frank and his mother went on a little farther; and they came to a large shady tree; and Frank's mother sat down upon a bank under the shade of this tree, to cool and rest herself; for she was hot and tired. Frank was not tired; therefore he did not sit down; but he amused himself with trying to reach some of the branches of the tree which hung over his head.

He jumped up as high as he could, to catch them; but he found that several, which he thought he could reach, he could not touch, even when he stretched out his hand and arm, and stood on tiptoe.

At last he saw a bough which hung lower than the other boughs; and he jumped up, and caught hold of it; and he held it down that he might look at the leaves of the tree.

‘Mamma,’ said he, ‘these leaves are not like the leaves of the tree which is near the hall-door at home—You told me the name of that tree: that tree is called a beech.’

‘What is the name of this tree?’

‘This tree is called a horse-chesnut-tree?’

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, ‘here are little balls upon this tree; they are something like those I saw upon the potatoes—I won’t meddle with them: they have prickles upon them.’

And Frank’s mother said, ‘You may gather some of these little balls, my dear; these are not of the same sort as those you saw on the potato-plants—These are not poisonous: these are called horse-chesnuts—the prickles are not very sharp—You may break them off.’

‘How many of these horse-chesnuts may I gather, mamma,’ said Frank.

‘You may gather four of them, my dear,’ said his mother; and Frank gathered four of the horse-chesnuts—Then he let go the bough; and he sat down upon the bank beside his mother to examine his horse-chesnuts. His mother broke one of them open for him—The inside of the green husk was white and soft: and in the middle of this white soft substance, there lay a smooth shining kernel of the colour of mahogany.

‘Is it good to eat, mamma?’ said Frank—  
‘May I taste it?’

‘You may taste it, if you please, my dear,’ said his mother; ‘but I do not think that you will like it; for that brown skin has a bitter taste, and I do not think the inside of it is agreeable; but you may taste it, if you like it.’

Frank tasted it; and he did not like the bitter of the outside; and he said, ‘Mamma, I will always take care to ask you before I meddle with things, or taste them, because you know more than I do, and you can tell me whether they are good for me or not.’

Frank’s mother having now rested herself, got up from her seat; and she walked home; and Frank carried his three horse-chesnuds home with him—He did not put them into his mouth, because he had learned that they tasted bitter; but he used them as balls; and he rolled them along the floor, when he got into the house; and he was very happy playing with them.

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Another day, Frank went out to walk with his mother; and he came to a gate that was painted green; and he stopped at the gate, and looked between the rails of it; and he saw a pretty garden, with several beds of flowers in it; and there were nice clean gravel-walks between these



flower-beds, and all around the garden—And against the walls of the garden there were plum-trees, and cherry-trees; and the cherries and plums looked as if they were quite ripe.

And Frank called to his mother, who was a little way off; and he said, ‘Mamma, come and look at this pretty garden—I wish I might open this gate, and go in, and walk in it.’



‘My dear,’ said his mother, ‘you must not open the gate—This garden does not belong to me; and I cannot give you leave to walk in it.’

‘There was a man, nailing up a net over a cherry-tree, in this garden; and he came to the

gate, and opened it, and said, 'Will you walk in, ma'am? This garden belongs to me; and you shall be very welcome to walk in it.' And Frank's mother thanked the man; and she turned to Frank, and said, 'If I take you with me, Frank, to walk in this garden, you must take care not to meddle with any thing in it.' And Frank said that he would not meddle with any thing in the garden; and his mother took him into it.

As he walked along the gravel-walks, he looked at every thing; but he did not touch any thing.

A very sweet smell came from two beds of pinks and carnations; and he stood at a little distance from them, looking at them; and the man to whom the garden belonged, said to him, 'Walk down this narrow path, master, between the beds, and you'll see my carnations better.'

And Frank answered, 'I should like to come down that narrow path; but I am afraid of coming, because the skirts of my coat, I am afraid, will brush against the flowers—I saw your coat, just now, Sir, hit against the top of a flower; and it broke it.'

Frank's mother smiled, and said, 'I am glad, my dear little boy, that you are so careful not to do mischief.'

Frank did not tread upon any of the borders;

and the person to whom the garden belonged, who was a gardener, said to his mother, 'I hope, whenever you come this way again, ma'am, you'll walk in this garden of mine, and bring this little gentleman with you, for I am sure, by what I see of him now, that he will not do me any mischief.'

The gardener told Frank the names of several flowers; and he showed him the seeds of these flowers; and he showed Frank how these seeds should be sowed in the ground.

And whilst the gardener was showing Frank how to sow the seeds of mignonette, he heard a noise at the gate; and he looked, and he saw a boy, who was shaking the gate, and trying to get in; but the gate was locked, and the boy could not open it; and the boy called to the gardener, and said, 'Let me in; let me in—Won't you let me in?'

But the gardener answered, 'No—I will not let you come in, Sir, I assure you; for when I did let you in, yesterday, you meddled with my flowers, and you eat some of my cherries—I do not choose to let you in here again—I do not choose to let a dishonest boy into my garden, who meddles with what does not belong to him.'

This boy looked very much ashamed, and very sorry, that he might not come into the pretty garden; and he stood at the gate for some time; but

when he found that the gardener would not let him in, he went slowly away.

A little while afterwards, Frank asked his mother, why she did not gather some of the pinks in this garden : and his mother answered, ' Because they are not mine ; and I must not meddle with what does not belong to me.'

' I did not know till now, mamma,' said Frank, ' that *you* must not meddle with what does not belong to you—I thought that people only said to little boys—*You must not meddle with what does not belong to you.*'

' My dear,' said Frank's mother, ' neither women, nor men, nor children, should meddle with what does not belong to them—Little children do not know this, till it is told to them.'

' And, mamma,' said Frank, ' What is the reason that men, women, and children, should not meddle with what does not belong to them?'

Frank's mother answered, ' I cannot explain all the reasons to you yet, my dear—But should you like that any body should take flowers out of the little garden you have at home ?'

' No, mamma, I should not.'

' And did you not see that the boy who just now came to this green gate, was prevented by the gardener from coming into this garden, because, yesterday, the boy took flowers and fruit which did not belong to him—*You, Frank, have*

not meddled with any of these flowers, or this fruit ; and you know the gardener said, that he would let you come in here again, whenever I like to bring you with me.' .

' I am very glad of that, mamma,' said Frank ; ' for I like to walk in this pretty garden ; and I will take care not to meddle with any thing that does not belong to me.'

Then Frank's mother said, ' It is time that we should go home.' And Frank thanked the gardener for letting him walk in his garden, and for showing him how to sow seeds in the ground ; and Frank went home with his mother.

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A few days after Frank had been with his mother to walk in the garden that had the green gate, his mother said to him, ' Frank, put on your hat, and come with me—I am going to the garden in which we walked two or three days ago.'

Frank was very glad to hear this—He put on his hat in an instant, and followed his mother, jumping and singing as he went along.

When he got into the fields which led to the garden with the green gate, Frank ran on before his mother—They came to a stile, upon which a boy, of about Frank's size, was sitting, upon the uppermost step of the stile. He had a hat upon his knees, in which there were some nuts ; and

the boy was picking the white kernel of a nut out of its shell.

When the boy saw Frank, he said to him, 'Do you want to get over this stile?'

And Frank answered, 'Yes, I do.'

The boy then got up from the step of the stile on which he was sitting; and he jumped down, and walked on, that he might make room for Frank to get over the stile.,

Frank and his mother got over the stile; and, in the path in the next field, at a little distance from the stile, Frank saw a fine bunch of nuts.

'Mamma,' said Frank, 'I think these nuts belong to that little boy who was sitting upon the stile, with nuts in his hat: perhaps he dropped them, and did not know it—May I pick them up, and run after the little boy, and give them to him?'

His mother said, 'Yes, my dear; and I will go back with you to the boy.' So Frank picked up the nuts: and he and his mother went back; and he called to the little boy, who stopped when he heard him call.

And as soon as Frank got near to him, and as soon as he had breath to speak, Frank said to the boy, 'Here are some nuts, which I believe are your's—I found them in the path, near that stile.'

‘Thank you,’ said the boy, ‘they are mine—I dropped them there; and I am much obliged to you for bringing them back to me.’

Frank saw that the boy was glad to have his nuts again; and Frank was glad that he had found them, and that he had returned them to the person to whom they belonged.

Frank then went on with his mother; and they came to the garden with the green gate. The gardener was tying the pinks and carnations to white sticks; which he stuck in the ground near them. He did this to prevent the flowers from hanging down in the dirt, and from being broken by the wind.

Frank told his mother, that he thought he could tie up some of these flowers, and that he should like to try to do it.

She asked the gardener, if he would let Frank try to help him.

The gardener said he would; and he gave Frank a bundle of sticks, and some strings made of bass mat; and Frank stuck the sticks in the ground, and tied the pinks and carnations to them; and he said, ‘Mamma, I am of some use;’ and he was happy whilst he was employed in this manner.

After the flowers were all tied up, the gardener went to the cherry tree, which was nailed up against the wall, and he took down the net, which was spread over it.

Frank asked his mother, why this net had been spread over it.

✓ She told him, that it was to prevent the birds from pecking at, and eating the cherries.

The cherries looked very ripe; and the gardener began to gather them.

Frank asked, whether he might help him to gather some of the cherries.

His mother said, 'Yes; I think the gardener will trust you to gather his cherries, because he has seen that you have not meddled with any of his things without his leave.'

The gardener said, that he would trust him; and Frank was glad; and he gathered all the cherries that he could reach that were ripe.

The gardener desired that he would not gather any that were not ripe; and his mother showed Frank a ripe, and an unripe cherry, that he might know the difference between them; and she asked the gardener, if he would let Frank taste these two cherries, that he might know the difference in the taste.

'If you please, ma'am,' said the gardener; and Frank tasted the cherries; and he found that the ripe cherry was sweet, and the unripe cherry was sour.

The gardener told him, that the cherries which were now unripe, would grow ripe in a few days,



if they were let to hang upon the tree, and if the sun shone.

And Frank said, 'Mamma, if you let me come with you here in a few days, I will look at these cherries, that I may see whether they do grow ripe.'

Frank took care to gather only the cherries that were ripe; and when he had filled the basket into which the gardener asked him to put them, the gardener picked out five or six bunches of the ripest cherries; and he offered them to Frank.

'May I have them, mamma?' said Frank.

His mother said, 'Yes, you may, my dear.'

Then he took them; and he thanked the gardener for giving them to him; and after this, he and his mother left the garden, and returned towards home.

He asked his mother to eat some of the cherries: and she took one bunch; and she said that she liked them.

'And I will keep another bunch for papa,' said Frank, 'because I know he likes cherries.'

And Frank ate all the rest of the cherries, except the bunch which he kept for his father: and he said, 'I wish, mother, you would give me a little garden, and some mignonette-seeds, to sow in it.'

She answered, 'This is not the time of year

in which mignonette-seeds should be sown: the seeds will not grow, if you sow them now—We must wait till spring.'

Frank was going to say, 'How many months will it be, between this time and spring;' but he forgot what he was going to say, because he saw a boy in the field in which they were walking, who had something made of white paper in his hand, which was fluttering in the wind.

'What is that, mamma?' said Frank.

'It is a paper kite, my dear,' said his mother; 'you shall see the boy flying this kite, if you please.'

'I do not know what you mean by flying the kite, mamma,' said Frank.

'Look at what the boy is doing, and you will see.'

Frank looked; and he saw the paper kite blown up by the wind; and it mounted up higher than the trees, and went higher and higher, till it seemed to touch the clouds, and till it appeared no larger than a little black spot; and at last Frank lost sight of it entirely.

The boy who had been flying the kite, now ran up to the place where Frank was standing; and Frank saw that he was the same boy to whom he had returned the nuts.

The boy held one end of a string in his hand; and the other end of the string, Frank's mother

told him, was fastened to the kite. The boy pulled the string towards him, and wound it up on a bit of wood; and Frank saw the paper kite again, coming downwards; and it fell lower and lower, and lower; and, at last, it fell to the ground.

The boy to whom it belonged, went to fetch it; and Frank's mother said, 'Now we must make haste, and go home.'

Frank followed his mother, asking her several questions about the kite; and he did not perceive that he had not his bunch of cherries in his hand, till he was near home—When his mother said, 'There is your father coming to meet us,' Frank cried, 'Oh, mamma, my cherries, the nice bunch of cherries, that I kept to give him—I have dropped them—I have lost them—I am very sorry for it—May I run back to look for them? I think I dropped them whilst I was looking at the kite—May I go back to that field, and look for them?'

'No, my dear,' said his mother; 'it is just dinner-time.'

Frank was sorry for this: and he looked back, towards the field where he lost his cherries; and he saw the boy with the kite in his hand, running very fast across the field nearest to him.

'I think he seems to be running to us, mamma,' said Frank—'Will you wait one minute?'

His mother stopped; and the boy ran up to

them quite out of breath—He held his kite in one hand; and in his other hand he held Frank's bunch of cherries.

‘Oh, my cherries! thank you for bringing them to me,’ said Frank.

‘You seem to be as glad as I was, when you brought me my nuts,’ said the boy—‘You dropped the cherries in the field where I was flying my kite—I knew they were yours, because I saw them in your hand, when you were looking at my kite.’

Frank thanked the boy again for returning them to him; and his mother also said to the boy, ‘Thank you, my little honest boy.’

‘I was honest, mamma, when I returned his nuts to him; and he was honest when he returned my cherries—I liked him for being honest; and he liked me for being honest—I will always be honest about every thing, as well as about nuts.’ Then Frank ran to meet his father, with the ripe bunch of cherries, and gave them to him; and his father liked them very much.

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‘The evening after Frank had seen the boy flying a kite, he asked his father, if he would be so good as to give him a kite.

‘My dear,’ said his father, ‘I am busy now: I

am writing a letter, and I cannot think about kites now—Do not talk to me about kites when I am busy.

When his father had finished writing his letter, he folded it up and took some sealing-wax to seal it; and Frank watched the sealing-wax, as it was melted by the heat of the candle—He saw that his father let some of the melted sealing-wax drop upon the paper, and then he pressed the seal down upon the wax, which had dropped upon the paper, and which was then soft.

When the seal was taken up, Frank saw that there was the figure of the head of a man, upon the wax; and he looked at the bottom of the seal; and he said, ‘This is the same head that there is upon the wax, only this on the seal goes inwards, and that on the wax comes outwards.’

He touched the wax upon which the seal had been pressed; and he felt that it was now cold and hard; and he said, ‘Papa, are you busy now?’

And his father said that he was not busy.

And Frank asked him, if he would drop some more wax on a bit of paper, and press the seal down upon it.

‘Yes,’ said his father, ‘you were not troublesome to me, when I said that I was busy—Now I have leisure to attend to you, my dear.’

His father then took out of a drawer three different seals; and he sealed three different letters with these, and let Frank see him drop the wax

upon the paper, and press down the seals upon the soft wax.

‘Papa, will you give me leave to try if I can do it myself?’ said Frank.

‘My dear,’ said his father, ‘I will ; but I advise you to take care not to let any of the melted wax drop upon your hands ; for it will burn you if you do.’

Frank was in a great hurry to melt the wax—His mother called to him, and said—‘Gently, Frank, or you will let the wax drop upon your hand, and burn yourself.’

But he said, ‘Oh, no, mamma ; it will not burn me.’

And just after he had said this, a drop of the melted sealing-wax fell upon the forefinger of his hand, and burned him ; and he squeezed his finger as hard as he could, to try to stop the feeling of pain—‘It hurts me very much, mamma ! I wish I had minded what you said to me—But I will not cry—I will bear it well.’

‘You do bear it well,’ said his father ; ‘shake hands with me, with the hand that is not burnt.’

A few minutes afterwards, Frank said, that he did not feel the pain any longer ; and he asked his father if he would give him leave to have the sealing-wax again, and try whether he could not make such a seal as he had seen on his father’s letter,

without burning himself—‘You did not burn yourself, papa,’ said Frank; ‘and if I take care, and do it as you did, I shall not burn myself—May I try again?’

‘Yes, my dear,’ said his father; ‘and I am glad to see that you wish to *try again*, though you have had a little pain.’

His father showed him, once more, how to hold the wax to the candle, and how to drop it, when melting, upon the paper, without burning himself.

And Frank succeeded very well, this time and made a good seal; and showed it to his mother.

‘Is not it a good seal, mamma?’ said he—‘I took care not to hold the wax this time, as I did the last, when I burned myself.’

‘Yes,’ said his mother, ‘I dare say you remember how you held it when you burned yourself.’

‘O, yes, *that* I do, mamma: the pain makes me remember it, I believe.’

‘And I dare say you remember how you held the wax when you made this pretty seal?’

‘O, yes, mamma, *that* I do: and I shall remember to do it the same way, the next time.’

‘You have been rewarded for your patience, by having succeeded in making this seal; and you were punished for your carelessness, by having burned your forefinger.’

Frank remembered, that his father desired him not to talk to him about kites when he was busy;

and though Frank was very eager to have a kite, he waited till he saw that his father was neither reading nor writing, nor talking to any body—Then he said, ‘Papa, I believe you are not busy now—Will you give me a kite?’

‘I have not a kite, ready made, in my house,’ replied his father; ‘but I will show you how to make one; and I will give you some paper, and some paste, and some wood, to make it of.’ Then his father gave him three large sheets of paper: and his mother rang the bell, and desired the servant would order the cook to make some paste.

And Frank asked his mother, how the cook made paste, and what she would make it of.

His mother took him by the hand, and said, ‘You shall see;’ and she took Frank down stairs with her, into the kitchen, where he had never been before; and she staid with him whilst he looked at the manner in which the cook made the paste.

‘What is that white powder, mamma, which the cook is taking up in her hands?’ said Frank.

‘It is called flour, my dear—You may take some of it in your hand; and you may taste it.’

‘What does it come from, mamma?’

‘From corn, my dear—You have seen corn growing in the field; and when we walk out again into a field, where there is corn, if you will put



me in mind, I will show you the part of the plant from which flour is made.

‘Made, mamma! how is it made?’

‘It is ground in a mill—but I cannot explain to you now, what I mean by that—When you see a mill, you will know.’

‘I should like to see a mill,’ said Frank, ‘now, this minute.’

‘But I cannot show it to you, Frank, now, this minute,’ said his mother, ‘besides, you came here to see how paste was made; and you had better attend to that now.’

Frank attended; and he saw how paste was made——And when the paste was made it was left upon a plate to cool.

Frank, as soon as it was cool enough to be used took it to his father, and asked him, if he might now begin to make his kite; but his father said, ‘My dear, I cannot find a slip of wood for you; and you cannot well make your kite without that; but I am going to the carpenter’s; and I can get such a bit as I want from him—If you wish to come, you may come with me.’

Frank said that he should like to go to the carpenter’s; so his father took him along with him.

The carpenter lived in a village, which was about a mile from Frank’s home; and the way to it was by the turnpike road.

As he walked along with his father, he saw

some men; who were lifting up a tree, which they had just cut down—It had been growing in a hedge by the road side—The men put the tree upon a sort of carriage; and then they dragged the carriage along the road.

‘What are they going to do with this tree, papa?’ said Frank—‘Will you ask them?’

The men said, that they were carrying the tree to the saw-pit, to have it cut into boards.

They went on a little farther; and then the men turned up a lane, and dragged the carriage, with the tree upon it, after them; and Frank told his father, that he should like very much to see the saw-pit.

It was not far off; and his father went down the lane, and showed it to him.

At the saw-pit, Frank observed how the sawyer sawed wood: he looked at some boards which had just been sawed asunder—When the sawyer rested himself, Frank looked at the large sharp teeth of his saw; and when the sawyer went on with his work, Frank’s father asked him to saw slowly; and Frank observed that the teeth of the saw cut and broke off very small parts of the wood, as the saw was pushed and drawn backwards and forwards—He saw a great deal of yellow dust in the saw-pit, which his father told him was called

saw-dust ; and fresh saw-dust fell from the teeth of the saw as it was moved.

The men who had brought the tree to be sawed into boards, were all this time busy in cutting off, with a hatchet, the small branches ; and Frank turned to look at what they were doing ; but his father said, ‘ Frank, I cannot wait any longer now : I have business to do at the carpenter’s.’ So Frank followed his father directly ; and they went on, as fast as they could, to the carpenter’s.

✓ When they came to the door of his workshop, they heard the noise of hammering : and Frank clapped his hands, and said, ‘ I am glad to hear hammering—I shall like to hammer myself.’

‘ But,’ said his father, stopping him, just as he pulled up the latch of the door—‘ Remember that the hammer in this house is not your’s ; and you must not meddle with it, nor with any of the carpenter’s tools, without his leave.’

‘ Yes, papa,’ said Frank, ‘ I know, that I must not meddle with things that are not mine—I did not meddle with any of the flowers, or cherries, in the gardener’s nice garden ; and I will not meddle with any of the carpenter’s tools.’ So his father took him into the work-shop ; and he saw the bench upon which the carpenter worked, which was called a work bench ; upon it he saw several tools, a plane, and a chisel, and a saw, and a gimlet, and a hammer ; he did not meddle with

any of them ; and after his father had been some time in the work-shop, and when he saw that Frank did not touch any of these things, he asked the carpenter to let him touch them, and to show him their use.

The carpenter, who had observed that Frank had not meddled with any of his tools, readily lent them to him to look at, and when he had looked at them, showed him their use—He planed a little slip of wood with a plane ; and he bored a hole through it with a gimlet ; and he sloped off the end of it with his chisel ; and then he nailed it to another piece of wood with nails, which he struck into the wood with his hammer.

And Frank asked if he might take the hammer and a nail, and hammer it into a bit of wood himself.

‘ You may try, if the carpenter will give you leave,’ said his father.

So Frank took the hammer, and tried to hammer a nail into a bit of wood—He hit his fingers, instead of the nail, two or three times ; but at last he drove it into the wood ; and he said, ‘ I thought it was much easier to do this, when I saw the carpenter hammering.’

Frank afterwards tried to use the plane, and the saw, which he thought he could manage very easily ; but he found that he could not ; and he



asked his father, what was the reason that he could not do all this, as well as the carpenter.

The carpenter smiled, and said, 'I have been learning to do all this, master, a great long while—When I first took a plane in my hand, I could not use it better than you do now.'

'Then perhaps, papa, I may learn to in time—But papa,' said Frank, recollecting his kite, 'will you be so good as to ask for the slip of wood for my kite?'

His father did so; and the carpenter found a slip that was just fit for his purpose, and gave it to him; and his father then desired him not to talk

any more ; ' For,' said he, ' we have business to do ; and you must not interrupt us.'

Whilst his father was speaking to the carpenter about his own business, Frank went to the window to look at it ; for it was a different sort of window, from those which he had been used to see in his father's house—It opened like a door ; and the panes of the glass were very small, and had flat slips of lead all round them.

Whilst Frank was examining this window, he heard the sound of a horse trotting ; and he looked out, and he saw a horse upon the road which was before the window.

The horse had a saddle and bridle on ; but nobody was riding upon it—It stopped, and eat some grass by the road-side, and then went down a lane.

Soon after Frank had seen the horse go by, his father, who had finished his business with the carpenter, called to Frank, and told him that he was going home.

Frank thanked the carpenter for letting him look at the plane, and the saw, and the chisel, and for giving him a slip of wood for his kite ; and he took the bit of wood with him, and followed his father—When his father and he had walked a few yards from the carpenter's door, a man passed by them, who seemed very hot, and very much tired—He looked back at Frank's father and said,

‘Pray, Sir, did you see a horse go by this way, a little while ago?’

‘No, sir, I did not,’ said Frank’s father.

‘But, I did, papa,’ said Frank—‘I saw a horse going by, upon this road, whilst I was standing, just now, at the carpenter’s window.’

‘Pray, master, what colour was the horse you saw?’ said the man.

‘Black, sir,’ said Frank.

‘Had he a saddle and a bridle on?’ said the man.

‘Yes, Sir, he had,’ answered Frank.

‘And, pray, master,’ said the man, ‘will you be so good as to tell me, whether he went on, upon this road, straight before us, or whether he turned down this lane to the right, or this other lane to the left hand?’

As the man spoke, he pointed to the lanes, and Frank answered, ‘The horse that I saw, sir, galloped down this lane to my right hand side.’

‘Thank you, master,’ said the man—‘I will go after him—I hope the people at the house yonder, will stop him—He is as quiet and good a horse, as can be, only that whenever I leave him by the roadside, without tying him fast by the bridle, he is apt to stray away; and that is what he has done now’

The man, after saying this, went down the lane

to his right hand side ; and Frank walked on, with his father.

The road towards home was up a steep hill, and Frank began to be tired before he had got half way up the hill.

‘ It did not tire me so much, papa, as we came down the hill ; but it is very difficult to get up it again.’

‘ I do not hear all that you are saying,’ said his father, ‘ you are so far behind me—Cannot you keep up with me ?’

‘ No, papa,’ cried Frank, as loud as he could, ‘ because I am tired—My knees are very much tired coming up this great hill.’

His father stopped and looked back, and saw that Frank was trying to come up the hill as fast as he could. /

At this time Frank heard the noise of a horse behind him ; and he looked, and saw the man whom he had spoken to, a little while before, riding upon the black horse, which he had seen going down the lane.

The man said to him, ‘ Thank you, master, for telling me which way my horse went—You see I have got him again—you seem sadly tired—I will carry you up this hill, upon my horse, if you have a mind.’

‘ I will ask my father, if he likes it,’ said Frank.

His father said, ‘ Yes, if you please ;’ and the man took Frank up, and set him before him, upon



the horse, and put his arm round Frank's body, to hold him fast upon the horse. Then the horse walked gently up the hill, and Frank's father walked beside him—And when they came to the top of the steep hill, his father took Frank down from the horse and he thanked the man for carrying him; and he felt rested and able to walk on merrily with his father.

And as they walked on, he said to his father, 'I am glad that I saw the horse, and observed which way it went, and that I told the man which road it went. You know, papa, there were three roads; and the man could not know which way the horse went, till I told him. If I had not told him the right road, he would have gone on—on—on a a great way; and he would have tired himself; and he would not have found his horse—It would have been very foolish and ill-natured of me to have done that.'

'Yes, it would,' said his father; 'that would have been telling what was not the truth—Now you have seen one of the uses of telling the truth.'

'One of the uses, papa!—Are there more uses, papa?'

'Yes, a great many.'

'Will you tell them all to me?'

'I would rather that you should find them out for yourself,' said his father, 'You will find them all out some time or other.'

Then Frank began to talk about his kite: and as soon as he got home, his father showed him how to make it, and helped him to do it—And when it was made, he left it to dry; for the paste, which pasted the paper together was wet; and his father told him that it must dry before the paste would hold the paper together, and before the kite was fit to be used.

Frank left it to dry—And when it was quite dry his father told him, that he might go out on the grass, in a field near the house, and fly it.



Frank did so ; and it went up very high in the air ; and it staid up, now higher, now lower, for some time ; and the sun shone upon it, so that it was plainly seen ; and the wind swelled out the sides of it, as Frank pulled it by the middle with the string.

His mother came to the window, to look at the kite ; and Frank was glad that she saw it too ; and when it came down, it fell upon the smooth grass, and it was not torn. Frank carried it into the house, and put it by carefully, that it might not be spoiled, and that he might have the pleasure of flying it another day ; and he said, ' I wish I could find out why the kite goes up ! '

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It was a rainy day ; and Frank could not go out to fly his kite—he amused himself with playing with his horse-chesnuts—He was playing in a room by himself ; and, by accident he threw one of his horse-chesnuts against the window, and it broke a pane of glass—Immediately he ran down stairs, into the room where he knew his mother was ; and went up to her—She was speaking to somebody, and did not see him ; and he laid his hand upon her arm, to make her attend to him ; and the moment she turned her face to him he said, ' Mama, I have broken the window in

your bed-chamber, by throwing a horse-chesnut against it.'

His mother said, 'I am very sorry you have broken my window; but I am glad, my dear Frank, that you came directly to tell me of it.' And his mother kissed him.

'But how shall I prevent you,' said she, 'from breaking my window again, with your horse-chesnut?'

'I will take care not to break it again, mamma,' said Frank. 'But you said that you would take care before you broke it, today; and yet you see that you have broken it. After you burnt your finger, by letting the hot sealing-wax drop upon it, you took a great deal of care not to do the same thing again, did not you?'

'Oh, yes, mamma,' said Frank, squeezing the finger which he burnt, just as he did at the time he burnt it—'O yes, mamma, I took a great deal of care not to do the same thing again, for fear of burning myself again.'

'And if you had felt some pain when you broke the window, just now, do you not think that you should take care not to do so again?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Where is the horse-chesnut with which you broke the window?'

'It is lying upon the floor in your room.'

'Go and fetch it.'

Frank went for it, and brought it to his mother; and she took it in her hand, and said, 'You would be sorry to see this horse-chesnut thrown away, would not you?'

'Yes, mamma,' said Frank; 'for I like to roll it about, and to play with it; and it is the only one of my horse-chesnuds that I have left.'

'But,' said his mother, 'I am afraid that you will break another of my windows with it; and if you would throw it away, you could not break them with it; and the pain you would feel at your horse-chesnut's being thrown away, would make you remember I think, not to throw hard things against glass windows again.'

Frank stood for a little while, looking at his horse-chesnut; and then he said, 'Well, mamma, I will throw it away;' and he threw it out of the window.

Some days afterwards, his mother called Frank to the table where she was at work; and she took out of her work-basket two leather balls, and gave them to Frank; one of them was very hard, and the other was very soft.

His mother desired that he would play with the soft ball when he was in the house, and with the hard ball when he was out of doors. She said that she had made the soft ball on purpose for him, that he might have one to play with when it was rainy weather, and when he could not go out.

This soft ball was stuffed with horse-hair ; it was not stuffed tight : Frank could squeeze it together with his fingers ; and his mother threw it against the window ; and it bounded back, without breaking the glass.

Frank thanked his mother ; and he liked the two balls very much ; and his mother said to him, “ You have not broken any more windows, Frank, since you *punished* yourself by throwing away your horse-chesnut ; and now I am glad to *reward* you for your truth and good sense.”

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About a week after Frank’s mother had given him the two balls, she came into the room where he had been playing at ball—Nobody had been in the room with him till his mother came in—She had a large nosegay, of pinks and carnations, in her hand——‘ Look here, Frank,’ said she : ‘ the gardener, who lives at the garden with the green gate, has brought these pinks and carnations, and has given them to me : he says they are some of those which you helped him to tie up.’

‘ O, they are very pretty ! they are very sweet,’ said Frank, smelling to them, as his mother held them towards him——‘ May I help you, mamma, to put them into the flower pot ?’

‘ Yes, my dear—Bring the flower pot to me,

which stands on that little table, and we will put these flowers into it.'

She sat down ; and Frank ran to the little table for the flower-pot.

' There is no water in it, mamma,' said Frank.

' But we can put some in,' said his mother——

' Well ! why do not you bring it to me ?'

' Mamma,' said Frank, ' I am afraid to take it up : for here is a great large crack all down the flower-pot : and when I touched it, just now, it shook : it seems quite loose : and I think it will fall to pieces, if I take it in my hands.'

His mother then came to the little table, by which Frank was standing : and she looked at the flower-pot, and saw that it was cracked through, from top to bottom ; and the moment she took it in her hands, it fell to pieces.

' This flower-pot was not broken yesterday evening,' said his mother ; ' I remember seeing it without any crack in it, yesterday evening, when I took the dead mignonette out of it.'

' So do I, mamma : I was by at that time.'

' I do not ask you, my dear Frank,' said his mother, ' whether you broke this flower-pot ; I think if you had broken it, you would come and tell me, as you did when you broke the pane of glass in this window.'

' But, mamma,' said Frank, eagerly looking up in his mother's face, ' I did not break this flower-

pot—I have not meddled with it—I have been playing with my soft ball, as you desired—Look, here is my soft ball,’ said he ; ‘ this is what I have been playing with all this morning.’

‘ My dear Frank,’ said his mother, ‘ I believe you—You told me truth before, about the window that you broke.’

Frank’s father came into the room, at this moment ; and Frank asked him if he had broken or cracked the flower-pot.

He said, ‘ No, I have not : I know nothing about it.’

Frank’s mother rang the bell, and when the maid-servant came up, asked the maid, whether she had cracked the flower-pot.

The maid answered, ‘ No, madam, I did not.’ And after she had given this answer, the maid left the room.

‘ Now, my dear Frank,’ said his father, ‘ you see what an advantage it is to speak the truth : because I know that you told the truth about the window which you broke, and about the horse which you said you had seen going down the lane, I cannot help believing that you speak the truth now—I believe that you did not break this flower-pot, because you say that you did not.’

‘ But, papa,’ said Frank, ‘ I wish that the person who *did* crack it, would tell you, or mamma, that they cracked it, because then you would be *quite*



*quite* sure that I did not do it—Do you think the maid did it ?’

‘No, I do not ; because she says she did not : and I have always found that she tells the truth.’

Frank’s mother, whilst he was speaking, was looking at the broken pieces of the flower-pot ; and she observed that, near the place where it was cracked, one side of the flower-pot was blackened ; and she rubbed the black, and it came off easily, and she said, ‘this looks as if it had been smoked.’

‘But smoke comes from the fire,’ said Frank : ‘and there has been no fire in this room, mamma.’

‘And did you never see smoke come from any thing but from the fire in the fire-place ?’

‘Not that I remember, mamma,’ said Frank — ‘Oh, yes, I have seen smoke, a great deal of smoke, come from the spout of the tea-kettle and from the top of the urn.’

‘That is not smoke,’ said his father ; ‘but I will tell you more about that another time—Can not you recollect seeing smoke come from——’

‘From what, papa ?’

‘Last night you saw smoke coming from——’

‘Oh now I recollect—from the candle, papa,’ said Frank.

‘And now I recollect,’ said Frank’s father, ‘that, late last night, I was sealing a letter at this little table ; and I remember that I left the green wax candle burning very near this flower-pot,

whilst I went out of the room, to give the letter, which I had been sealing, to a man who was waiting for it—When I came back again, I put out the candle—I did not observe that the flower-pot was smoked, or cracked; but I now think it is very probable that the heat of that candle cracked it.’

‘Let us look whether there is any melted green wax,’ said Frank, ‘upon the pieces of the flower-pot, because wax, when it was melting, might drop upon the flower-pot, as it did upon my fingers once.’

Frank examined all the pieces of the flower-pot; and on one bit, near the place where it was blackened with smoke, he found a round spot of green wax.

‘Then,’ said his father, ‘I am now pretty sure that it was I who was the cause of cracking the flower-pot, by putting the lighted candle too near it.’

‘I am very glad we have found out the truth,’ said Frank; ‘and now, papa,’ added he, ‘will you be so good as to tell me about the smoke—No, not the smoke, but the thing that looks so like smoke, which comes out of the top of the urn, and out of the spout of the tea-kettle.’

‘I have not time to explain it to you now, Frank,’ said his father; ‘but if I am not busy at tea-time, this evening, you may put me in mind

of it again.'——And at tea time his father showed him the difference between smoke and steam.

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'The bread, mamma, is very good this morning, said Frank, one morning at breakfast.

'It is new bread.'

'New bread, mamma!—What is meant by *new* bread?'——'Bread that has been newly made.'

'Bread is made of flour, I remember you told me, mamma; and flour comes from——Oh mamma, do not you recollect telling me; that, some time or other, you would show me corn growing in the fields?—When we walk out this morning, I will put you in mind of it again.'

And when he walked out with his mother in the fields, Frank put her in mind of it again; and she said, 'I see some men at work, yonder, in a corn-field; let us go and see what they are doing.' So they went to the field: and Frank's mother showed him some corn growing; and she showed him some that had been cut down; she showed him some that was ripe, and some that was not ripe—And then they walked further on, to the part of the field where the men were at work.

Frank saw that they had a kind of sharp, bright hooks in their hands, with which they were cutting down the corn—His mother told him, that these hooks are called reaping hooks, or sickles.



He saw that, after the corn was cut down, the men tied up bundles of it which they set upright in the field, at regular distances from each other. His mother told him, that each of these bundles was called a sheaf of corn ; and she pulled out a single stalk and put it into his hand, and said, ‘ This is called an ear of corn—What grows upon a single stalk, is called an ear of corn.’

Whilst Frank was looking at the men tying up the sheaves of corn, a person came up to him and said, ‘ You are welcome here, master——You are

he that was so good as to tell me which road my horse strayed some time ago.'

Frank looked in the face of the person who was speaking to him; and he recollected this to be the man who carried him up the steep hill, upon his horse.

This man was a farmer; and he was now overlooking some labourers, who were reaping his corn—He pointed to a small house, amongst some trees at a little distance; and he told Frank's mother, that he lived in that house, and that, if she would like to walk there, he could show Frank how the men were thrashing some corn in his barn.

Frank's mother thanked the farmer; and they walked to his house—It was a thatched white-washed house; and it looked very neat. There were some scarlet flowers in the kitchen garden, which looked very pretty—As they passed through the garden, Frank asked the name of these flowers; and his mother told him, that these were called scarlet runners; and she said to him, 'On this kind of plant grow kidney beans, of which you are so fond, Frank.'

Frank saw cabbages, and cauliflowers, and lettuce, in this garden, but his mother said, 'Come, Frank, you must not keep us waiting;' and he followed his mother through a yard, where there were a great number of ducks, and fowl, and geese,

and turkeys ; and they made a great noise ; and several of them clapped their white wings ; and the geese and turkeys stretched out their long necks.

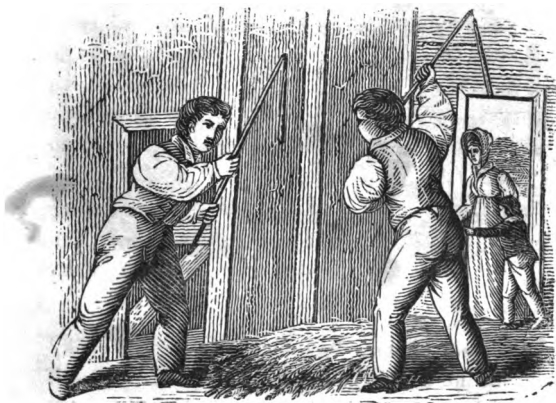


‘ You need not squeeze my hand so tight, Frank,’ said his mother : ‘ you need not squeeze yourself up so close to me : these geese and turkeys will not do you any harm, though they make so much noise.’

So Frank walked on stoutly ; and he found that the geese and turkeys did not hurt him ; and when

he had crossed this yard, the farmer led them through a gate, into a large yard, where there were ricks of hay ; and there were several cows in this yard ; and as he passed by them, Frank observed that their breath smelt very sweet.

‘ Come this way, into the barn,’ said the farmer : ‘ here are the men who are thrashing.’



The barn on the inside looked like a large room, with rough walls, and no ceiling ; but it had a floor—Two men were at work in this barn : they were beating some corn that lay upon the floor, with long sticks ; they made a great noise, as they struck the floor with their sticks, so that Frank could neither make his mother hear what he said, nor could he hear her voice.

The sticks seemed to be half broken in two, in the middle ; and they seemed to swing with great violence, as the men struck with them ; and Frank was afraid that the sticks should reach to where he stood, and would hit him ; but, after he had been in the barn for a little while, he became less afraid ; he observed that the sticks did not swing within reach of him.

The farmer asked the men to stop working ; and they stopped ; and the farmer took one of the things with which they had been working, out of their hands, and showed it to Frank.

His mother told him that it was called a flail—It was made of two sticks, tied together with a bit of leather.

The farmer showed Frank the corn which lay upon the floor ; and his mother showed him, that the loose, outside cover of the corn, was beaten off by the strokes of the flail.

The farmer said, ‘ You may take some of the



corn, master, in your hand; and some of the chaff; and then you will see the difference.'

The chaff was the outside covering.

'And how is this corn made into bread?' said Frank.

'Oh, master,' said the farmer, 'a great deal must be done to it, before it is made into bread— It must go to the mill, to be ground.'

'I should like to see the mill, mamma,' said Frank; 'but I do not know what he means by *to be ground*.'

'That you will see, when you go to the mill.'

'Shall we go to the mill now, mamma?' said Frank.

'No, my dear,' said his mother, 'I would rather that you should wait till some day when your father can have time to go with you to the mill, because he can explain it to you much better than I could?'

Then Frank and his mother thanked the farmer for what he had shown them; and they had a pleasant walk home.

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'Ah spare yon emmet, rich in boarded grain:

'He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.'\*

Frank was always careful not to hurt insects, nor any sort of animals—He liked to observe spiders in their webs; and ants carrying their

\* Sir William Jones.

white loads ; but he never teased them : even those animals, which he did not think were pretty, he took care not to hurt.

One evening, when he was walking with his father and mother upon a gravel walk near the house, he saw several black snails—he did not think them pretty animals ; but whenever he came near one, he took care not to tread upon it. He stooped down to look at one of these black snails, which was drawing in its black horns./

‘ I believe, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘ that it drew in those horns, because he is afraid I am going to hurt him.’

‘ Very likely.’

‘ But that is foolish of the snail, mamma, because you know I am not going to hurt it.’

‘ I know that, Frank : but how should the snail know it ?’

‘ He lies quite still—he will not put out his black horns again—I will go away and leave him, that I may not frighten him any more—I should not like to be frightened myself, if I was a snail,’ said Frank—So he ran on, before his father and mother, and left the snail ; and he saw some pretty brown and green moss upon a bank ; and he asked his mother if he might gather some of it.’

She said, ‘ Yes ;’ and he climbed up the bank ; and he gathered some of the moss ; and in the

moss at the foot of a tree, he found a pretty shell : it was striped with purple, and green, and straw-colour and white ; and it was smooth and very shining—He got down from the bank, as fast as he could ; and he ran, and asked his mother if he might keep this pretty shell, and carry it into the house, when he came home from walking.

His mother looked at the shell, as Frank held it upon the palm of his hand ; and she told him, that he might have it, and that he might carry it into the house with him, when he went home ; and she told him that it was a snail-shell.

‘ A snail-shell, mamma ! ’ said Frank—‘ I never saw such a pretty snail-shell before : I am glad I have found it ; and I will take care not to break it.’

Frank held it carefully in his hand, during the rest of his walk ; and he often looked at it to see that it was safe ; and just as he came near the hall-door, he opened his hand, and began to count the number of coloured rings upon his snail-shell—‘ One, two, three, four, five, rings, mamma,’ said Frank ; ‘ and the rings seem to wind round and round the shell : they are larger at the bottom ; and they grow less, and less, as they wind up to the top.’

‘ That is called a spiral line,’ said his father, pointing to the line which, as Frank said, seemed to wind round and round the shell.

As Frank was looking with attention at the shell, he felt something cold, clammy and disagreeable, touching his hand at the bottom of the shell; and with his other hand he was going to lift up the shell, to see what this was; but when he touched it, he found that it stuck to his hand; and, a few instants afterwards, he saw the snail-shell seemed to rise up; and he perceived the horns and head of a snail, peeping out from beneath the shell—‘Oh mamma! there is a living snail in this shell—Look at it,’ said Frank—‘Look! it has crawled out a great deal farther now; and it carries its shell upon its back: it is very curious; but I wish it was crawling any where but upon my hand; for I do not like the cold, sticky feeling of it.’

Frank was then going to shake the snail from his hand; but he recollected that, if he let it fall suddenly upon the stone steps, he might hurt the animal, or break the pretty shell; therefore he did not shake it off; but he put his hand down gently to the stone step; and the snail crawled off his hand, upon the stone.

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, ‘I think the snail might do without that pretty shell—You gave the shell to me, mamma—May I pull it off the snail’s back?’

‘My dear,’ said his mother, ‘I did not know that there was a snail in that shell when I said that

you might have it—I would not have given it to you, if I had known that there was a snail withinside of it—You cannot pull the shell from the snail's back, without hurting the animal, or breaking, the shell.'

'I do not wish to hurt the animal,' said Frank ; 'and I am sure I do not wish to break the pretty shell ; so I will not pull it—But, mamma, I think I had better take the snail and snail-shell, both together into the house, and keep them in my little red box, mamma ; what do you think ?'

'I think, my dear, that the snail would not be so happy in your little red box, as it would be in the open air, upon the grass, or upon the leaves which it usually eats.'

'But, mamma, I would give it leaves to eat in the little red box.'

'But, Frank, you do not know what leaves it likes best to eat ; and if you do not shut it up in your red box, it will find the leaves for itself which it loves best.'

'Then if you do not think it would be happy in my red box, mamma, I will not shut it up in it—I will leave it to go where it pleases with its own pretty shell upon its back—That is what I should like, if I was a snail, I believe.'

He then took the snail, and put it upon the grass, and left it ; and he went into the house with his mother, and she called him into her room ;

and she took out of her bureau something which she held to Frank's ear, and he heard a noise like the sound of water boiling ; then she put into Frank's hand what she had held to his ear ; and he saw that it was a large shell, speckled red, and brown, and white ; it was so large, that his little fingers could hardly grasp it.

‘ Do you like it as well as you did the snail-shell ?’

‘ Oh yes, a great deal better, mamma.’

‘ Then I give it to you, my dear,’ said his mother.

‘ Keep it,’ said his father ; ‘ and, even if you keep it till you are as old as I am, you will feel pleasure when you look at it ; for you will recollect that your mother was pleased with you when she gave it to you, because you had been good-natured to a poor little snail.’



# FRANK.

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## PART II.

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‘WHAT was it, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘that papa was saying to you, just after you were looking at the snail?’

‘I do not recollect, my dear.’

‘I wish you could be so good as to try to recollect, mamma, because it sounded very pretty; and I should like to hear it again—It seemed like something out of a book: it was something about horned snails, and varnished shells; and sliding——’

‘Do you mean,

*Slide here, ye horned snails with varnish'd shells!’*

‘Oh, yes, mamma!’ cried Frank, ‘that is what I mean; but papa said a great deal more of it—Will you say it for me?’

‘I will repeat the lines, that you may hear the agreeable sound; but I do not think that you can understand the sense of them yet,’ said his mother; and she repeated to him the following lines:



'Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;  
'Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;  
'Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;  
'Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;  
'Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl!  
'Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;  
'Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;  
'Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;  
'Slide here, ye horned snails with varnish'd shells;  
'Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells.'

✓ 'I do not understand the last line, mamma, at all; but I understand about the spiders coming down on their long threads—I have often looked at spiders doing that—But, mamma, I never saw any moths that had trunks; I do not think that a moth could carry a trunk.'

'What do you think is meant by a trunk, my dear?'

'A sort of box.'

'That is one meaning of the word trunk——  
Do you know any other meaning?'

'Yes; a trunk of a tree.'

'And, did you never see the picture of the trunk of an elephant?'

'Yes, yes, mamma, I remember seeing that; and I remember you read to me an account of the elephant; and you told me he could curl up that trunk of his. But, mamma, such moths as I have seen, are little flying animals, about as large as a butterfly: they could not have such trunks as elephants have.'

‘ No, they have not : they have not such large trunks.’

‘ Will you tell me what sort of trunks they have ?’

‘ I will show you the first time we see a moth.’

‘ Thank you, mamma : and I wish you could show me a glow-worm—I have seen a beetle—But, mamma, will you say that part about the beetle again ?’

‘ *Alight*, ye beetles, from your airy rings.’

‘ What does that mean, mamma ?’

‘ Beetles sometimes fly round and round, in the air, so as to make the shape of circles or rings in the air ; and *alight*, here, means, come down from—alight or settle upon the ground.’

‘ And *silver butterflies*, mamma, does not mean, made of silver, but that they look shining, like silver ; does not it ?’

Yes, my dear.’

‘ But I wish very much, mamma, to see the glow-worms that lie on the mossy beds.’

‘ I will try if I can find a glow-worm, and show it to you this evening,’ said his mother.

In the evening, when it was dusk, Frank’s mother called him, and bid him follow her ; and she went down a lane that was near her house ; and Frank followed her—She looked from side to

side, on the banks, and under the hedges, as she walked along.

‘Are you looking for a glow-worm, mamma?’ said Frank; ‘It is so dark now that I am afraid we shall not see it, unless it is a great deal larger than a common worm, or unless we had a lantern—May I go back for the little lantern, that is in the hall? there is a candle ready lighted in it, mamma—May I go back for it, mamma?’

‘No, my dear; we shall not want a lantern, nor a candle—We shall be more likely to find a glow-worm in the dark, than if we had a candle.’

Frank was surprised at hearing his mother say this—‘I can always find things better in the light than in the dark,’ said he——But, just as he finished speaking, he saw a light upon the bank near the place where his mother was standing; and she called to him, and said, ‘Here is a glow-worm; Frank; come nearer to me, and you will see it better.’

Frank kneeled down upon the bank, beside his mother; and saw that the light seemed to come from the tail of a little brown caterpillar.

The caterpillar crawled on, upon the bank: and the light moved on, whenever the caterpillar moved, and stood still, whenever it stood still.

Frank’s mother, whilst the glow-worm was standing still, put her hand down upon the bank, close beside it; and by and by, the glow-worm

began to move again, and it crawled upon her hand.

‘ Oh mamma ! take care,’ cried Frank—‘ It will burn you.’

‘ No, my dear, it will not burn me ; it will not hurt me,’ said his mother ; and she held her hand towards Frank ; and he saw the glow-worm upon it.

‘ Shall I put it in your hand ?’ said his mother.

Frank drew back, as if he was still a little afraid that it should burn him.

‘ My dear,’ said his mother, ‘ it will not hurt you—You know that I would not tell you that it would not hurt you if it would—You know that I told you the hot melting sealing wax would scald you, if you let it drop upon your fingers ; and it did—But I tell you, that the light which you see about this animal, will not burn you, as the flame of a candle, or as the fire would.’

‘ Then, here is my hand, mamma—Put the glow-worm upon it : and I will not shrink back again,’ said Frank.

He found that the light from the glow-worm did not hurt him in the least ; and he asked his mother, how it came that this, which looked so much like the flame of a candle, should not burn him. But she answered, ‘ I cannot explain that to you, my dear.’ And when Frank had looked at the glow-worm as long as he liked to do so, his

mother desired him to put it again on the bank ; and he did so ; and, before they got home, Frank saw several other glow-worms upon the banks ; and his mother said to him, Now you know the meaning of

‘ Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds.’

‘ Yes,’ said Frank, ‘ *glitter* means, look bright, shine——Thank you, mamma, for showing me these glow-worms ; and some time or other, I hope we shall see the trunk of a moth.

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The candles were lighted ; and all the window-shutters in the room were shut except the shutters of one window, which was left open to let in the air ; for it was a warm evening.

Frank’s mother was sitting upon a sofa reading ; and Frank was kneeling upon a chair, at the table upon which the candle stood. He was looking at some prints in a book which his mother had lent to him.

Through the window, which was open, there flew into the room a large moth——It flew towards the candle.

‘ Oh, mamma ! here is a moth,’ cried Frank.

As he spoke, the moth which had flown very quickly round and round the candle, two or three times, went so close to the flame, that Frank thought it would burn itself to death ; and he cried,

‘Oh it will burn itself!’ and he put his hand before his eyes, that he might not see the moth burn itself—But his mother did not put her hands before her eyes; she got up as quickly as possible, and put her hand gently over the moth, and caught it; and so prevented it from burning itself in the candle.

‘I am glad you have caught it, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘and the next time I will try to catch it as you did, and I will not put my hands before my eyes, because that did the moth no good.’

His mother then covered the moth with a glass tumbler; and she put it upon the table; and Frank looked through the glass; and he saw it plainly.

When the moth was quiet, Frank’s mother took a honey-suckle out of her nosegay; and she lifted up one side of the tumbler, a little way from the table; and she squeezed the honey-suckle under the tumbler; and as soon as the moth perceived the flower was near him he walked upon it; and Frank saw him uncurl what is called his trunk, or proboscis; and he saw the moth dip it into part of the flower of the honey-suckle.—And he saw also what were called the horns of the moth; and he saw the animal bow them forwards; and he said, ‘Now mamma, will you repeat those two lines about the moth again for me?’

‘Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl;  
Bow your wile horns, your spiral trunks uncurl.’

‘*Painted!*’ said Frank—‘it does not mean that the moth is painted, I suppose, but that it looks as if it was painted—*Gold-eyed plumage*, mamma! What does that mean?’

*Plumage* means feathers, such as you see on birds—Look through this glass, said his mother, putting a magnifying glass into his hand.

‘I have looked through this glass before at a caterpillar, mamma: it makes things look larger.’

His mother lifted up the tumbler gently; and, as the moth was settled upon the honey-suckle, Frank looked through the magnifying-glass at it.

‘Mamma, it looks very large; and upon its wings,’ said Frank, ‘I see what look like very, very small feathers.’

‘That is what is meant by *plumage*.’

‘But *gold-eyed*, mamma! I see no gold eyes.’

‘Do you see some spots upon the wings?’

‘Dark brown spots, mamma?’

‘Yes.’

‘They are of the shape of eyes; and, though they are not eyes, they are called so, from their shape. In some moths, those spots are yellow, gold-coloured; and then they may be called *gold-eyed*.’

‘One thing more, mamma,’ said Frank:

‘What does it mean by——Would you be

so good as to say the last line again ; for I do not recollect the word that I did not understand.'

His mother repeated the line again—

'Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl.'

'*Furl*, mamma—*Furl* is the word that I do not understand.' His mother showed him a fan, and showed him what is meant by *to furl*, and to *unfurl* a fan ; and when the moth closed, and afterwards spread its wings, she said, ' Now he is furling, and now he is unfurling, his pretty wings— And now I think we have kept him long enough under this glass—We will now let him fly about where he pleases.' So she took the moth, and let him fly out of the window.

'Do you know, mamma,' said Frank, 'that I can repeat those two lines about the moths? I wish you would say the other lines again for me, that I might learn them all and then say them to my father : I think he would like to hear me say them, after dinner to-morrow, mamma?'

'I think your father will like to hear you repeat them, if you understand them all ; but not otherwise.'

'I think I do understand them all—every one now, mamma, except something in the last line about bees in their waxen cells.'

'You never saw a honey-comb : did you, Frank?'

'No, mamma, never.'



‘When you see a honey-comb you will know what is meant by the waxen cells in which bees live.’

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✓ The next morning at breakfast, there was part of a honey-comb upon a plate, on the breakfast-table; and Frank’s mother showed it to him; and she gave him some honey. He liked the sweet taste of the honey; and he thought the honey-comb was very pretty.

His mother gave him a little bit of the honey-comb, which she told him was made of wax.

‘It is quite a different sort of wax from sealing-wax, mamma,’ said Frank: ‘where does this wax come from, and this pretty honey-comb, and this sweet honey?’

His mother told him that she would show him where they all came from, when she had finished eating her breakfast—And, after breakfast was over she took Frank with her to a cottage, belonging to an old woman in the neighbourhood.

The old woman was sitting at her door, turning a small wheel very quickly round, which Frank’s mother told him was called a spinning-wheel.

The old woman pushed her spinning-wheel on one side, and got up, as soon as they came to her door.



**‘Thank you for the good honey you sent us, Mrs. Wheeler,’ said Frank’s mother.**

**‘You are heartily welcome, ma’am, I am sure,’ said the old woman ; but it was not I that sent it : it was my grandson sent it to you——George ! George ! are you there ?’**

**A little boy came running to the door ; and he smiled when he saw Frank ; and Frank smiled when he saw him ; for he recollected that this was the same boy to whom he had returned the nuts which he had found dropt near the stile—the same**

boy who had brought him back his ripe bunch of cherries.

‘Thank you for the honey you sent us,’ said Frank’s mother to this boy; will you be so good as to let us look at your bee-hive—I hear that you have a glass bee-hive.’

‘Yes, ma’am, I have,’ said the boy; ‘and if you will be pleased to come with me into the garden, I will show it to you—I have a glass bee-hive and a straw bee-hive.’

Frank and his mother followed the boy who ran across a narrow passage which went straight through the house; and he opened a low gate, and took them into a small garden.

The paths were narrow; and he said to Frank, ‘Take care that you do not prick yourself against the gooseberry-bushes, as I do when I am in a hurry to get by.’

Frank took care not to prick himself; and the boy pointed to his bee-hives, and said, ‘There are my bee-hives; and there are my bees.’

‘Did bees make that straw basket?’ said Frank.

The boy laughed so much at this question that he could make no answer; but Frank’s mother answered, ‘No, my dear; the bees did not make that straw basket; that was made by men; but go and look in, through the little pane of glass in that wooden box and you will see what bees make.’



‘Do not you know,’ said the little boy, ‘what bees make?—I thought that every body knew that bees make honey and wax.’

‘How can they make honey!—What do they make it of?’ said Frank.

‘They collect it; they get it from flowers,’ answered his mother: and she said to the boy, ‘May I gather this honey-suckle?’ touching a honey-suckle which grew in an arbour, close beside the place where she stood.

‘Yes, and welcome, ma’am,’ said the boy;

- ‘that honey-suckle is mine : grandmother gave it to me.’

When Frank’s mother had gathered the honey-suckle, she pulled off a part of the flower : and she held that end of the flower which grew next the stalk to Frank’s mouth ; and she bid him suck it—

He sucked it.

‘It has a sweet taste, like honey,’ said Frank—  
‘Is that the reason the flower is called honey-suckle, mamma?’

‘Yes, my dear, I believe it is.’

‘And have all flowers honey in them, mamma?’

‘I do not know, my dear ; but I know that some flowers have more honey in them than others?’

‘And how do bees get honey from flowers?’

‘Look, and you may see a bee now settling upon that honey-suckle in the arbour : you will see all that I have seen, if you use your own little eyes.’

Frank used his own little eyes, and he saw that the bee stretched out its proboscis, or trunk, and put it down into the flower, then drew it back again, and flew to another part of the flower, settled again, and again put down its proboscis, drew it back, and put it to its mouth.

‘I fancy, mamma, the bee sucks the honey which it gets in the flower, from its proboscis’

every time it puts it to its mouth—But I am not sure, because I do not see the honey.’ —

‘ You are very right not to say that you are sure of it, as you do not see it ; but I believe that the bee does, as you say, draw the honey from flowers with that proboscis : and then he puts the honey into his mouth, and then swallows the honey. With a good magnifying glass, you might see that the proboscis of the bee is rough, and you might see the little drops of honey sticking to it—The bee gets but one or two very small drops of honey from one flower,’

‘ What a great deal of work it must be then, for the bees to collect as much honey as I ate this morning at breakfast !—But, mamma, does this bee swallow all the honey it gets from this flower ?’

‘ Yes, the bee swallows it : it keeps the honey in a little bag ; and the bee has the power of forcing it up again from this bag, whenever it pleases—Usually the bee carries the honey home to the hive, and puts it in the little waxen cells ; such as those you saw in the honey-comb, to-day, at breakfast.

‘ And where do the bees get the wax, mamma, of which they make the cells in the honey-comb ?’

‘ I am not sure, my dear, what that wax is—I believe that it is made partly of farina which the bees collect from the flowers, and partly of

some sticky substance in the stomachs of the bees. Some time or other, you will read the accounts which have been written of bees ; and then you will judge for yourself.'

Frank looked through the glass pane, into the bee-hive ; but he said that the bees crowded so close to one another, that he could not see what they were doing.

His mother told him that, some other day, she would bring him again to see the bees at work, and that, by degrees, perhaps, he would distinguish them, and see what they were doing. /

When Frank went home, he said, ' Now, mamma, that I know what is meant by bees in their waxen cells, may I learn those lines ? and will you repeat them to me ?'

' It is troublesome to me, my dear,' said his mother, ' to repeat them so often over ; but here is a book in which you can read them yourself ; and you may now learn them by rote, if you like it.'

Frank read the lines over and over, and tried to learn them by rote ; and at last he could repeat them, as he thought perfectly ; and one day, after dinner, he went to his father, and told him that he could repeat some pretty lines to him, if he would give him leave.

' I shall be glad to hear them, Frank,' said his father—' Begin and repeat them.' So Frank re-

peated them, without making any mistakes ; and when he had repeated them, his father asked him several questions about them, to try whether he understood them, and his father was pleased to find that he really did understand : and Frank told him that his mother had been so good as to show him a glowworm, and a moth, and a beehive, and that she had explained to him all the words in the lines, which he did not at first understand.

‘ I am glad, my dear,’ said his father, ‘ that you have had so much amusement, and that you have had the perseverance to learn any thing well, that you began to learn——But, pray tell me why you have been continually buttoning and unbuttoning the left sleeve of your coat, whilst you have been talking to me, and whilst you were repeating these verses ?’

‘ I do not know, papa,’ said Frank, laughing, ‘ only I remember that when I was getting the verses by rote, and saying them by myself, I first began buttoning and unbuttoning this sleeve, and then I could not say the verses so well without doing that.’

‘ And do not you remember, Frank,’ said his mother, ‘ that I spoke to you, several times, and told you that I was afraid you would get a trick, a habit of buttoning and unbuttoning that sleeve of yours, if you did not take care.’



‘Yes, mamma,’ said Frank; ‘and I stopped whenever you spoke to me, and whenever I remembered it; but then I found myself doing it again, without thinking of it; and now, whenever I am trying to recollect anything, I cannot recollect it half so well without buttoning and unbuttoning my sleeve.’

‘Give me hold of your right hand,’ said his father.

Frank gave his hand to his father.

‘Now,’ said his father, ‘repeat those lines to me once more.’

Frank began—

‘Stay thy soft-murmuring waters, gentle rill :  
Hush, whispering winds——’

But here he twitched his hand, which his father held fast—

‘Hush, whispering winds——’

‘Father, I cannot say it whilst you hold my hand.’

His father let go his hand.

Frank immediately buttoned and unbuttoned his sleeve, and then repeated very fluently,

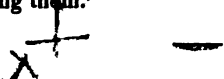
‘Hush whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;  
Rest, silver butterflies——’

But here his father caught hold of his hand: and he could get no farther.

‘My dear,’ said his father, ‘it would be very inconvenient to you, if your memory was to depend upon your button; for you see that I can

make you forget, in an instant, all you have to say, by only catching hold of your hand.' 'But, then, papa, if you would be so good as not to catch hold of my hand,' said Frank, 'you would hear how well I could repeat the lines.'

'It is of little consequence,' said his father, 'whether you repeat these lines to-day, or to-morrow : but it is of great consequence that you should not learn foolish, awkward tricks : therefore I beg you will not say them to me again, till you can hold yourself perfectly still whilst you are repeating them.'



Frank's father and mother went out to walk, and Frank went with them—'O, I am glad you are going this way,' said Frank, 'because now I shall see the swing.'

His father had had a swing put up between two trees—Frank had seen it from the window of the room in which he slept ; but he had never yet been close to it ; and he wished very much to see it, and to swing in it.

When he came up to it, he found that there was a soft cushion, fastened to the middle of the rope of which the swing was made.

One end of the rope was tied round the trunk of a large ash-tree ; and the other end of the rope

was tied round the trunk of an oak that was opposite to the ash.

The rope was tied towards the top of the trees ; and some of the branches of the trees were cut away, so that the rope could swing backwards and forwards, without catching in any thing.

The cushion, which made the seat of the swing, hung so near the ground, that Frank could reach it ; and he asked his father, whether he might sit upon it.

His father told him that he might ; and he said, ' Take hold of the cord on each side of you, and hold it fast ; and your mother and I will swing you.'

Frank jumped up on the cushion directly, and seated himself, and took hold of the cord, on each side of him, with each of his hands.

' You must take care not to let go the cord whilst we are swinging you,' said his father, ' or perhaps you will tumble out of the swing, and hurt yourself.'

' I will not let go, papa : I will hold fast,' said Frank ; and his father and mother began to swing him backwards and forwards : he liked it very much ; but it was a sharp evening in autumn ; and his father and mother did not like to stand still long to swing him.

' When you have had twenty more swings backwards and forwards, we will stop, Frank,



said his father—So Frank began to count the swings ; and whilst he was counting, a leaf fell from the tree, and put him out ; and he tried to recollect whether the last number of swings he had counted to himself, was six or seven ; and the moment he began to try to recollect this, he let go the cord with his right hand ; for he was going to button and unbutton his sleeve, as he had the habit of doing when he was trying to recollect any thing.

X

The moment he let go the cord, he twisted a little in the seat, and could not catch the cord again : and he fell out of the swing.

He fell on the grass, and he hurt his ankle, but not much.

‘ It is well you were not more hurt,’ said his father—‘ If we had been swinging you higher, and if you had fallen upon the gravel walk, instead of on the grass, you might have been very much hurt—My dear, why did you let go the cord ?’

‘ Papa,’ said Frank, ‘ because I was trying to recollect whether it was six swings or seven that I had had.’

‘ Well, and could not you recollect that, without letting go the cord ?’

‘ No papa—the thing was—that I was, I believe, going to button my sleeve—I wish I had not that trick.’

‘ You may cure yourself of it, if you take pains to do so,’ said his father.

‘ I wish I could,’ said Frank ; ‘ my ankle is not very much hurt, however. Papa, will put me into the swing again ; and I think I shall take more care not to let go the cord now—You know I have not had all my twenty swings, papa.’

‘ No ; you have had but eight,’ said his father ; ‘ But I am afraid that if I were to put you into the swing again, and if you were to begin count-

ing again, if you should not be able to recollect the number, you would let go the cord to button your sleeve, and you would slip out of the swing again.'

'No, papa,' said Frank—'I think this is the very thing that would cure me of that trick, because I do not like to tumble down, and hurt myself; and I think I should take care, and count, and recollect, without buttoning or unbuttoning this sleeve; may I try, papa?'

His father shook hands with him, and said, 'I am glad to see that you can bear a little pain, and that you wished to cure yourself of this foolish trick—Jump, my boy,' said his father; and Frank sprung up, and his father seated him in the swing again.

He counted and held fast by the rope this time; and just when he was come to the eighteenth swing, his father said to him, 'Can you recollect the last number you counted, without letting go the rope to button your sleeve?'

'Yes, papa,' said Frank, 'I can; it was seventeen.'

'And you have had two swings since I spoke last; how many does that make?'

Frank was just going to let go the cord to button his sleeve; but he recollected his former tumble—He held fast: and, after thinking for an instant,

answered, 'Seventeen swings and two swings, make nineteen swings.'

His father then gave him one good swing more and then lifted him out : and his mother kissed him.

The next day his father was going from home : and when he took leave of him, Frank asked him if there was anything he could do for him whilst he was away—

'May I dust the books in your study, papa ? I can do that,' said Frank.

'I would rather, my dear,' said his father, 'that you should, whilst I am away, learn to repeat the lines which you got by heart without——'

'I know what you mean, papa ; I will try if I can.'

His father went away ; and Frank, after he was gone, asked his mother if she would take him to the swing, and swing him, and let him try whether he could recollect some of the verses whilst he was swinging : for then you know, mamma, I cannot move my hands without tumbling out ; and I shall take care.'

But his mother said, she did not choose to swing him whilst his father was away ; and Frank soon afterwards said, 'Will you be so good, then, mamma, as to cut off this button, and to sew up this button-hole for me ? and then I cannot button and unbutton it.'

His mother cut off the button, and sewed up the button-hole; and several times, when he was trying to repeat the lines, he felt for the button and button-hole; but when he found that the button was gone, and that he could not put his finger into the button-hole, he, by degrees, left off feeling for them.

His father stayed away a week; and, in this time, Frank quite cured himself of the foolish trick which he had had, and he repeated the lines to himself: whilst he held his hands quite still.

He asked his mother to sew on the button again, and to open the button-hole, the day his father came home, and she did so.

And when his father came home, and after he had said, 'How do you do, father?' Frank cried, 'May I say the lines now, father?'

'Yes, my dear.'

He stood opposite to his father, held his hands perfectly still, and repeated the lines without making a single mistake.

His father was pleased and he desired the servant, who was bringing some things of his out of the chaise in which he came, to give him a book that was in the front pocket of the chaise.

The book was Bewick's History of Quadrupeds; it had very pretty prints in it.



Frank's father wrote, in a blank page at the beginning of it,—

*'This book was given to Frank, October the 27th, 1798, by his father, as a mark of his father's approbation for his having, at six years old, cured himself of a foolish habit.'*

'Read that, if you can, Frank,' said his father.

Frank could not read all the words; for he was not used to read writing; but his mother read it to him.

And Frank liked the prints in this book very much; and he said, 'Shall I read all that is in the book, papa?'

'Read only what you can understand, and what entertains you in it, my dear,' said his father.

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Frank was kneeling upon a chair, beside the table upon which his mother was writing. He was looking at the prints in his Bewick; and every minute he exclaimed, 'O, mamma, look at this!—Mamma, here is a very pretty print! Only look at this one, mamma—the old, old man, going over a narrow bridge, and his dog leading him—He is a blind man, I suppose; and the wind has blown his hat off; and it is raining very hard—Pray look, mamma!'



His mother put down her pen ; and she looked at the print, which she said was very pretty.

‘But now, Frank,’ added she, ‘do not interrupt me any more.’

Frank was silent after this ; but whenever he turned over a new leaf, he put down both his elbows upon the table, to look at the new print ; and he shook the table, so that his mother could not write ; wherefore she at last desired him to take his book to another table. He did so ; but

he said that he could not see nearly so well as when he was nearer to the light.

‘If you had not disturbed me,’ said his mother, ‘I should not have sent you away from this table—You should consider what is agreeable to others, or they will not consider what is agreeable to you.’

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, ‘if you will let me come back to the table where you are sitting, I will take care not to shake the table.’

A little while after this, he was trying to draw the old man, going over the bridge.—Pompey, a little dog that was in the room, jumped up, suddenly, behind Frank’s chair, and shook the table.

His mother told Frank that he might come; and he took care not to shake the table.

‘Fie! Pompey! fie!—down! down!’ cried Frank—‘I don’t like you, Pompey, at all.’

Why don’t you like Pompey?’ said Frank’s mother—‘you generally are very fond of him.’

‘Yes, mamma, so I am fond of him, generally; but I don’t like him now, because he shook me and hindered me from drawing—Oh, Pompey! Pompey, again you gave my elbow a great shake—Look, mamma, just as I was drawing the old man’s nose, he shook me.’

‘Who? the old man?’

‘No, mamma, but Pompey. Just as I was drawing the old man’s nose, Pompey shook me, and made me make the old man’s nose, as large

as his whole head—O, Pompey, you have spoiled my old man entirely—But I'll rub out his nose, and draw it over again.'

Just as Frank had finished drawing the old man's nose over again, the dog shook him again, and Frank was angry—'Don't shake, Pompey—I have bid you several times not to shake, and still you go on shaking—Naughty Pompey! why don't you do as you are bid?'

'Perhaps the dog does not understand you,' said Frank's mother.

'Well, but it is very disagreeable, that he should shake the table—I don't like him at all, to-night.'

Here Frank began struggling with Pompey.

Pompey had his fore-paws upon the table; and Frank was trying to drag him back, by the hind-legs; but all this struggling shook the table very much.

'Frank, I don't like either you or Pompey, now,' said Frank's mother, 'because you, both of you, shake the table, so that I cannot write—Look here is an O that is as crooked as your old man's nose.'

'I am very sorry, mamma,' said Frank 'but, will you be so kind as to put Pompey out of the room; and then we shall all be both quiet and happy—You know you sent me to another table when I was troublesome; and now, if you

put Pompey out of the room, he cannot be troublesome to us any more.'

'Very true,' said his mother; and she put Pompey out of the room.

'I am glad he is gone,' cried Frank, 'now I can draw nicely.'

'And now I can write nicely,' said his mother.

'Mamma, are you glad when I go out of the room, after I have been troublesome, as we are now, that we have got rid of Pompey?'

'Yes.'

'But when I am not troublesome, you are not glad when I go out of the room.'

'No; I am glad to have you with me when you are not troublesome.'

'And you are more glad to have me with you when I am useful to you, as I was yesterday, when I helped you to cut open the leaves of those new books which you wanted to read—You liked me very much then, when you said I was *useful* to you.'

'Yes: people like those who are useful to them.'

'And I like to be liked, mamma, by you, more than by any body; so I will try always to be as useful to you as I can—I can be useful to you now, mamma, if you will give me leave.'

'I will give you leave in welcome, Frank,'

said his mother, smiling—So Frank went for a little bit of wood, which his father had given to him; and he cut it with his knife, into the shape of a wedge: and he put this wedge under one of the legs of the table, which was shorter than the other legs; and the table was now much steadier than it was before.

‘Now, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘try to shake the table, and you will feel how steady it is—I can put my elbows upon it now, without shaking it: and I dare say even Pompey would not shake it, if he was to leap up as he did just now—Is not my wedge useful, mamma?’

‘Yes: thank you for it, my dear.’

‘And now, mamma, may I open the door, and let poor Pompey in again; for he cannot easily shake us now.’

Frank’s mother told him that he might let Pompey in again: and when Frank opened the door, he saw Pompey sitting upon his hind legs, holding something up in his forepaws. ‘Oh, mamma, it is my glove,’ cried Frank, ‘the glove, that I lost yesterday—Useful Pompey! I like you for finding my glove. Useful Pompey!—Come in, useful Pompey!’

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One evening at tea-time, there was a small plum-cake upon a plate on the tea-table and there

was a knife beside the plate. Frank's father and mother, and two of his brothers were sitting round the table : his mother was beginning to pour out the tea : and she called to Frank, and said to him, 'My dear, cut this plum-cake into five pieces for us, and take care that you make all the pieces of the same size, for your father, and your two brothers, and yourself and me: and give us each a just share.'

Frank began to cut the cake ; but by mistake, he divided it into six parts, instead of into five.

'Mamma,' said he, 'what shall I do with this bit ? I have five without it : one for you, and one for my father, and one for my brother Edward, and one for my brother Harry, and one for myself—What shall I do with this bit that is left ?'

'What is most just to do with it ?'

'I think I had better keep it myself, mamma, because it belongs to nobody : and I should have it for the trouble of cutting the cake for every body.'

'No,' said his brother Henry, 'I do not think *that* would be just, because then, you would be rewarded for making a mistake : if you had cut the cake rightly, there would not be this bit to spare.'

'Well,' said Frank, 'I do not think it would be just that I should have it : but who then shall I give it to ?—I will give it to you, mamma,

because I like to give it to you best——No, I will give it to papa, because he likes plum-cake better than you do——Stay, I will give it to you, Henry, because you mended my kite for me——No, indeed, I must give it to poor Edward, because he had no cherry-pie to day, at dinner.'

'But,' said his mother, 'what right have you, Frank, to give this bit of cake to poor Edward, because he had no cherry-pie, to-day, at dinner; or to good Henry, because he mended your kite; or to your father, because he loves plum-cake better than I do; or to me, because you like to give it to me?—What right have you to give it away to any of us?'

'Mamma, you said that I was to give each of you your just share; and I thought I was to be judge——'

'Remember that I desired you to divide the cake into five pieces, all of the same size: you were to judge about the size of the pieces: and you were to take care that we have each our just share: but you are going to give one of us twice as much as any of the others.'

'I cannot make the pieces the right size, now, mamma.'

'But you can give us each equal quantities of cake: cannot you?'

'How, mamma?'



‘Think—When you are trusted to divide any thing, you must take the trouble, Mr. Judge, to consider how it is to be done fairly.’

Frank took the trouble to think : and he then cut the spare bit of cake into five equal parts : and he put these parts by the side of the five large pieces of cake : and gave one of the large pieces, and one of the little pieces, to each person : and he then said, ‘I believe I have divided the cake fairly now.’ Every body present said, ‘Yes;’ and every body looked carefully at each of the shares, and there appeared exactly the same quantity in each share—So each person took their portion : and all were satisfied—Justice satisfies every body.

‘My dear Frank,’ said his mother, ‘as you have divided the cake so fairly, let us see how you will divide the sugar that was upon the top of the cake, and which is now broken and crumbled to pieces in the plate—We all like that sugar : divide it equally among us.’

‘But this will be very difficult to do, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘because the pieces of sugar are all of such different sizes and shapes ; and here are so many crumbs of cake mixed with the crumbs of sugar—I do not know how I shall ever divide it exactly—Will it do, if I do not divide it quite exactly, ma’am?’

‘No,’ said his mother, ‘I beg you will divide it

quite exactly : you can do it, if you take the right way to do it ?'

Frank first took out all the largest bits of sugar, and laid them upon one another, and broke off the corners and edges till he thought he had five of them of the same size exactly, and then he divided the crumbs, and little broken bits, into five heaps, which he thought seemed to be of the same size.

But when he had done, his brother Henry said, ' This heap next me is a great deal larger than any of the others.'

And Edward said, ' My heap is taller than yours : but it is not so closely squeezed together ; and that makes a great difference.'

And his father said, ' Frank, my large bit of sugar is twice as big as your largest bit.'

' Oh, no, indeed, papa, I measured them ; and they are exactly the same size : put yours upon mine, and you shall see—Look, papa—not the least corner, or crumb difference.'

' They are of the same length and breadth, I acknowledge,' said his father ; ' but they are not of the same thickness.'

' Oh thickness ! I never thought of thickness.'

' But you should think of it,' said his father. ' Because—Look here—If I was to cut my bit of sugar, which is twice as thick as yours, into two

slices, each of those slices would be as long, and as broad, and as thick as your bit is now, and I should have two bits of the same size as yours—twice as much as you.’

‘ Ah ! so you would ; thickness does make a great difference—Then, how shall I manage ; for if I begin to cut the sugar, in your way, in slices—Look, papa, it all crumbles—Indeed the crumbs are the most easily divided. I will crumble it all, and then divide the crumbs amongst you ; and then I shall have no difficulty about the thickness’—So Frank pounded the sugar with a spoon, till it was all become a fine powder ; and then he divided it into heaps ; but still people did not agree that his heaps were all of the same size.

‘ We can measure them,’ said Frank ; and he put one of the heaps into a tea-spoon—it did not quite fill the spoon—Another of the heaps filled the spoon higher than the brim—Another was exactly a spoonfull.

Frank added to one heap, and took from another.

‘ You squeeze the sugar in the spoon, and that will make more go in than there should,’ said Henry.

‘ Indeed ! indeed !’ said Frank, ‘ it cannot be divided more exactly—it is impossible to divide

the sugar more exactly than I have done it now ; is not it, mamma ?'

' I cannot say that it is impossible to divide it more exactly,' said his mother, smiling ; ' but as far as I can guess, by looking at your heaps, they seem to be of the same size ; I cannot, however, be sure merely by looking at them, that they contain exactly equal quantities.'

' How then could you be sure ? I do not feel any difference, mamma. Perhaps I could find out by weighing them in a pair of scales.——' ' Papa, will you be so good as to lend me the scales in which you were weighing—money, I believe, yesterday ?'

' No, my dear,' said his father, ' the saucers of those scales are made of brass : and you must not put anything that you are going to eat, near brass, because the rust of brass is poisonous—I will lend you another pair of scales, which are made of ivory : and in these you may weigh your sugar——Go for these scales : they are upon the table that is on the right-hand side of the window in my study.——As you are used to find your way about the house in the dark, you will readily find what you want.'

Frank found the scales, and weighed his heaps of sugar, very carefully. He was surprised to find that there was so much difference in the weight of the heaps, which he thought were

exactly of the same size. By patiently adding and taking away, he at last, however, made them each of the same weight; and every body was then satisfied with the accuracy of his division.

‘Now, Frank, eat your own share of cake, and drink this dish of tea, which has grown quite cold, whilst you have been dividing and weighing,’ said his mother. And whilst Frank and his brothers were eating their shares of plum-cake, Frank’s father said that, if they pleased, he would read a short story to them. The boys said that they should like to hear a story; and the story that he read was out of Sanford and Merton—Cyrus’s judgement about the two coats.

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One day, Frank went with his mother to a shop in a town: it was a shop where gloves and ribands, and caps, and hats, were sold. His mother, after she had bought some gloves which she wanted, went into a little room behind the shop, to see a poor girl, who was ill.

‘Frank,’ said his mother, ‘stay in this shop till I come back again.’

Frank staid in the shop; and whilst he was there, a carriage stopped at the door; and a lady got out of the carriage and came into the shop where Frank was: she asked to look at some ribands: and whilst the shopman was looking in

some little drawers for ribands, the lady turned to look at Frank, and said, 'Does this little boy belong to you?' meaning the shop-keeper.

'Oh, no, ma'am: he belongs to a lady, who is just gone into the next room:' and the shopkeeper mentioned the name of Frank's mother.

The moment the lady heard this, she smiled at Frank, called him to her, kissed him, and told him he was a charming little creature—She then asked him several questions: and Frank was pleased by her smiling at him, and praising him: and he began to talk to her: and then she said he was the finest boy she had ever seen in her life: and he liked her still better.

She was rolling up some riband in a paper, upon which some words were printed: and she asked him whether he could read any of those words.—'Oh, yes,' said Frank, and he read, 'Sarsnets, modes, and peelings—the most fashionable assortment.'

The lady stopped his mouth by kissing him; and she told him he was a very clever little fellow, indeed.

Frank thought he should appear to her still cleverer, if he repeated the pretty verses he had learned by heart.—'Oh what a memory he has! I never heard any thing so well repeated!' exclaimed the lady.

Frank went on to tell the history of his

having cured himself of the trick of buttoning and unbuttoning his coat ; and he told her, that his father had given him a book ; and he repeated, word for word, what his father had written at the beginning of this book.

To all this the lady listened with a smiling countenance ; and Frank was going on talking about himself, when his mother came out of the room at the back of the shop : and she called Frank, and took him home with her.

The next day, his mother, who usually let Frank read to her a little every day, told him that he might bring his book to her and read : but he made several mistakes, and his mother said, ‘ Frank, you are not minding what you are about this morning.’

Frank read on, more carefully ; and when he had read about a half a page without making any mistake, he stopped short, and said to his mother, ‘ But, mamma, you do not praise me as the lady in the shop did.’

‘ I do not flatter you, my dear,’ said his mother.

‘ What is flattering me, mamma ?’

‘ Flattering you, my dear, is praising you more than you deserve to be praised.’

‘ Did the lady in the shop flatter me, mamma ?’

‘I do not know: for I was not by: I did not hear what she said.’

‘She said—I feel, mamma, I do not know why, ashamed to tell you all she said to me. She said I was a charming little creature, and that I was the finest boy she had ever seen in her life: and she said I was a very clever little boy indeed, when I read something about sarsnets and modes, that was printed on a paper in which she was rolling up some riband: and when I repeated the verses to her, mamma, she said she never heard any thing so well repeated in her life.’

‘And did you believe all this, Frank?’

‘Not quite, mamma—I made some mistakes when I was repeating the verses; and she did not take notice of that.’

‘And did you understand what you read about sarsnets and modes?’

‘Oh, mamma, I was sure you would ask that question! How came it that the lady never asked me that?—And there was something about *fashionable assortment*—She kissed me for reading that; and all the time I did not understand those words—When you kiss me, and praise me, mamma, I feel quite sure that I have done something well, or good: I know what you are pleased with me for: but I did not know exactly why that lady was so much pleased with me: do you know, mamma?’



‘ No, my dear : and I am not sure that she was much pleased with you.’

‘ Oh, yes, mamma, I think she really was very much pleased with me, though she was a foolish woman, and did not know why.’

‘ Did not know why she was a foolish woman, do you mean ?’

‘ No, mamma, but did not know why she was pleased with me.’

‘ In that respect,’ said his mother laughing, ‘ it seems that you were as foolish as she was.’

‘ But, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘ why are you not quite sure that she liked me ?’

‘ Because, my dear, I have often heard people tell children that they were sweet creatures, and charming dears, and clever fellows : and I have observed that these people forget the charming dears, as soon as they are out of sight.’

‘ You and my father never do so : do you ?’

‘ Never.’

‘ I had rather that you and papa should praise me, and like me, than the lady I saw in the shop— I think I was very foolish to tell her what my father wrote in my book, because she did not care about it, I suppose.’

‘ You will be wiser another time,’ said his mother— ‘ Now put on your hat, and let us go to look at the bees at work, in the glass bee-hive.’

They went to the old woman's cottage; and the little boy opened the garden-gate; and Frank went to the bee-hive, to observe the bees, whilst his mother sat down in the arbour, and took a book out of her pocket, in which she read, for some time. It entertained Frank more, to-day, to look at the bees, than it did the first morning he came to look at them, because he saw more distinctly what they were doing—And when he had attended to the bees, as long as he liked, he went to the arbour, where his mother was sitting, and he asked her whether he might go and talk to the little boy, who was now weeding in the garden.

His mother said that she would rather that he should not talk to this little boy; but she went to him herself, and thanked him for letting Frank look at his bee-hive; and she told him that if he would come to her house, she would give him a pair of strong shoes, which she had had made him.

Then she took Frank by the hand, and went to the cottage.

Somebody was talking to the old woman, very eagerly, about washing a gown.

The person who was talking was a maid servant; and she had a muslin gown in her hand, which she said, her mistress had desired her to take to be washed.

This old woman was a washer-woman.

‘ Look here !’ said the maid, showing the bottom of the muslin gown, on which there were the marks of shoes, which had trodden upon it, and on which there was the mark of a large hole, that had been mended—‘ Look here ! what a piece of work I have had this morning—Yesterday, my mistress came home with her gown torn and dirtied in this manner ; and she told me it was all done by a little mischievous, troublesome, conceited brat of a boy, that she met with in the milliner’s shop at ———, where she was yesterday.’

Whilst the maid was saying this, she did not see Frank nor his mother ; for her back was turned towards the door through which they came.

‘ Oh, mamma !’ cried Frank ‘ I remember that was the gown the lady had on who called me a charming little fellow, and who *praised*, I mean the other word, *flattered*, me so much ; but now she calls me a little mischievous, troublesome, conceited brat, only because I trod upon her gown by accident, and tore it— I did not know I had torn it—I remember I caught my foot in it, when you called me to come away with you, mamma. If I had torn or dirtied your gown, I do not think you would have been so angry with me—The next time any body begins to flatter me,

and to tell me that I am a *charming little dear*, I shall recollect all this, and I shall not repeat my verses, nor tell them what papa wrote in my book.'

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Frank, who had seen the little boy to whom the bee-hive belonged, weeding the beds in the garden, said to his mother, one morning, 'I should like to try to weed some of the borders in your garden, as that little boy weeds the beds in his grandmother's garden.'

Frank's mother said that he might weed one of the borders in her garden; and she lent him a little hoe; and he went to work, and weeded a piece of the border very carefully: and his mother looked at it, when he had done, and said that it was very well done.

The same day, at dinner, Frank's father gave him a bit of cheese; and his mother was surprised to see Frank take this cheese off his plate, and put it betwixt his fore finger and his middle finger; then he took a piece of bread, and stuck it betwixt his middle finger and his fourth finger; and then he took a large mouthful of the cheese, and a large mouthful of the bread, so that his mouth was filled in a very disagreeable manner.

'Pray, Frank,' said his mother, 'what are you about?'

Frank's mouth was not empty for nearly a minute; and he could make no answer.

'Where did you learn this new method of eating bread and cheese?'

'Mamma,' said Frank, 'I saw the little boy in the cottage, eating his bread and cheese, after he had done weeding; and he eat it just in this way.'

'And why should you eat in that way, because you saw him do so?'—'Mamma—I thought you liked that little boy; I thought he was a very good boy: do not you remember his bringing me back the bunch of ripe cherries, that I dropped?—you called him an honest little fellow: and do not you remember that he has been very good-natured in telling us all he knew about bees, and in letting me look at his glass bee-hive?—And you know, mamma, this morning, you said, when you saw him at work, that he was very industrious; did not you?'

'Yes, I did; I think he is very industrious, and that he was good-natured, in letting you look at his glass bee-hive; and honest in returning to you the bunch of ripe cherries, which you dropped: but what has all this to do with his method of eating bread and cheese?'

'I do not know, mamma,' said Frank, after thinking a little while—'Nothing to do with it!—But I thought you would be pleased to see me do

every thing like him, because you were pleased this morning, when you saw me weeding like him.'

'You may weed like him,' said Frank's mother, 'without eating like him: he weeds well: but he eats disagreeably—I shall be glad to see you as honest, and as good natured, and as industrious, as he is; but I should be sorry to see you imitate his manner of eating, because that is disagreeable.—Sensible people do not imitate every thing which they see others do: they imitate only what is useful or agreeable.'

Frank took the bread and cheese from betwixt his fore-finger and middle finger, and from between his middle finger and his fourth finger; and he put the cheese upon his plate, and did not any longer imitate the manner in which he had seen the little boy in the cottage cram his mouth.

'Did you ever hear,' said Frank's father, 'of the manner in which apes are sometimes caught?'

'No, papa.'

'Apes are apt to imitate every thing which they see done; and they cannot, as you can, Frank, distinguish what is useful and agreeable, from what is useless or disagreeable—they imitate every thing without reflecting. Men who want to catch these apes, go under the trees in which

the apes live ; and the men take with them basins, with water in them, in which they wash their own hands. They rub their hands, and wash, for some time, till they perceive that the apes are looking at them ; then the men go away, and carry with them the basins of water ; and they leave under the trees, large, heavy, wooden basins, filled with pitch—you have seen pitch, Frank, you know that it is a very sticky substance. —The apes, as soon as the men are out of sight, come down from the trees, and go to the basins to wash their hands, in imitation of the men.—The apes dip their hands into the pitch ; and the pitch sticks to their hairy hands ; and the apes cannot draw their hands out of the pitch. Now these animals usually run upon all-fours.’

‘ All-fours, papa !’ interrupted Frank, ‘ how is that ?’

‘ As you run upon your hands and feet, upon the carpet, sometimes——The apes cannot run well, for want of their hands, and because the wooden bowls, which stick to their hands are so heavy. The men who left these bowls, come back, and find the apes caught in this manner.’

‘ I think these apes are very foolish animals,’ said Frank.

‘ So do I,’ said his father : ‘ no animals are wise,

who imitate what they see done, without considering the reason why it is done.'

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Frank asked his mother, if she would take him again to the cottage garden, to see the bees at work in the glass bee-hive: but his mother answered, 'I am afraid to take you there again, till I am sure that you will not imitate the little boy in every thing which you see him do: for instance——'

'Oh, mamma!' said Frank, 'I know what you are going to say—But to-day, at dinner, you shall see that I will not eat in that disagreeable way.'

His mother attended to him, several days; and when she observed that he did not imitate this boy any more, in his manner of eating, she took him again to the cottage.

The old woman was spinning: and Frank stopped to look at her spinning-wheel: and he asked his mother what was the use of what the old woman was doing.

She told him that the woman was twisting a kind of coarse thread, called yarn, and that her spinning-wheel was a machine which helped her to do this quickly. His mother then asked Frank, whether he knew where the thread came from.



‘No, mamma,’ said Frank.

‘It comes from a plant, called flax, my dear,’ said his mother—‘I think you went with me, last summer, through a field in which you saw flax—You took notice of its pretty blue flowers.’

Frank said that he did remember this; but that he could not imagine how the thread which he saw upon the spinning-wheel, could come from that green plant with the blue flowers.

His mother told him, that she would show him, whenever she had an opportunity.

The old woman, who was spinning, told Frank’s mother, that a neighbour of her’s was this very day hackling some flax, and that if she liked to let Frank see how it was done, she would show her to the house where her neighbour lived.

‘I should like to see what is meant by hackling flax,’ said Frank.

‘Then come with us, and you shall see,’ said his mother.

Frank followed his mother to another cottage, where he saw a woman beating with the edge of a thin bit of wood, something which, he thought, looked a little like very yellow dry hay: but his mother told him that this was flax.

As the woman beat it, a great deal of dust and dirt fell out of it, upon the ground: and by

degrees, the flax which she held in her hand, looked cleaner and cleaner, and finer and finer, till at last it looked like yellow hair.

‘But, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘the flax which I saw last summer, growing in a field near this house, had long green stalks, and blue flowers: and I saw no yellow threads, like these.—Is this a different kind of flax?’

‘No, my dear, this is the same flax. The blue flowers have withered and died.’

‘When the blue flowers began to wither, the woman pulled up all the green stalks, and bound them together in bundles, and put these bundles under water, in a ditch, where she left them for about a fortnight; during this time, the green outside of the stalk decayed, and the stringy part remained; she then untied the bundles, and spread them out, near a fire, to dry; and then she brought the flax home—And this,’ said she, showing Frank a bit of the flax, which the woman had not yet beaten and cleaned, ‘this is the flax, as it looks after it has been soaked in water, and dried.’

‘And what is going to be done to it now, mamma?’ said Frank, who observed that the woman was now placing two small boards before her, on which were stuck, with their points upright, several rows of steel pins: their points were as sharp as needles.



‘I am going to hackle the flax, master,’ said the woman; and she began to comb the flax with these steel combs—She drew the flax through the pins, several times. The board into which the pins were stuck, was fastened upon the table: and as the woman drew the flax through the pins, it was disentangled, and combed smooth.

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, ‘it is just like combing hair out, only the woman does not move the

comb, but she draws the hair—the flax, I mean, through it.’

The pins in one of the boards were much smaller and placed closer together, than those in the other board.

‘This is the large comb, and this is the small tooth comb, mamma,’ said Frank.

And when the flax had been drawn through these fine pins, there was not a tangle left in it : and it looked smooth, bright and shining, and of a light yellow colour.

Frank’s mother showed him that this looked the same as what he had seen on the old woman’s spinning-wheel.

They went back to the spinning-wheel : and the old woman sat down, and spun a little : and Frank saw that the threads of the flax were twisted together——He did not exactly know how ; and his mother told him he must not expect to find out how it was done, by looking at it for a few minutes.

Frank said, ‘Mamma, I feel tired : my eyes are tired of looking : and I am tired with thinking about this spinning-wheel.’

‘Then do not think any more about it, now : go, and run about the garden :’ and Frank ran into the garden : and he jumped and sang : and then he listened to the birds, who were singing : and he smelled the flowers, partic-

ularly rosemary and balm, which he had never smelled before : and he heard the humming of bees near him, as he was smelling to the rosemary : and he recollected that he had not looked at the bees, this day : so he ran to the glass bee-hive, and watched them working.

And afterwards he ran back to his mother, and said, 'I am quite rested now, mamma—I mean, I do not feel tired of thinking about the spinning-wheel.—May I look at the woman spinning again ?' 'Yes, my dear.'

Frank went into the cottage and looked at the old woman, who was spinning.

'Would you like to try to spin a bit, dear ?' said the old woman.

'Yes, I should,' said Frank ; 'it looks as if it was very easy to do it ; but perhaps it is not ; for I remember, I could not plane with the carpenter's plane, though it seemed very easy when he was doing it.'

Frank tried to spin ; but he broke the thread, almost at the first trial ; however, the old woman clapped her hands, and said, 'That's a pretty dear !—He spins as well as I do, I declare !'

'Oh, no, no, no,' said Frank ; 'I know I cannot spin at all ;' and he looked ashamed, and left the spinning-wheel, and turned away from the old woman, and went back to his mother.

She walked home with him; and, as they were walking home, his mother said to him.

‘Do you know why you came back, just now, Frank?’

‘Yes, mamma, because the woman called me pretty dear, and told me that I could spin as well as she could; and you know I could not; so that was flattering me; and I do not like people that flatter me—I remember the lady in the shop, who flattered me, and afterwards called me a mischievous brat—But I do not much like to think of that—Mamma, of what use is that brown thread which the old woman made of the flax?’

‘Of that brown thread, linen is made, my dear.’

‘But linen is white, mamma: how is the brown thread made white?’

‘It is left in a place where the sun shines upon it; and there are other ways of making linen white, which I cannot now explain to you.—Making linen white, is called bleaching it.’

‘Can you explain to me, mamma, how thread is made into linen?’

‘No, my dear, I cannot; but perhaps your father, when you are able to understand it, may show you how people weave linen in a loom.’

/ One night, when Frank's brother Henry was with him, they were talking of Henry's garden.

Henry said, 'next spring, I intend to sow some scarlet runners, or French beans in my garden.'

'Whereabouts in your garden?' said Frank. Henry tried to describe to him whereabouts; but Frank, could not understand him; so Henry took his pencil out of his pocket, and said, 'Now, Frank I will draw for you a map of my garden: and then you will understand it.'

He drew the shape of his garden, upon paper: and he marked where all the little walks went, and where the rose-bush stood, and where the sally fence was: and he drew all the borders, and printed upon each of the borders the name of what was planted there when Frank last saw it.

Frank, after he had looked at this drawing for a little while, understood it, and saw the exact spot in which Henry intended to sow his scarlet runners.

'So this is what you called a map,' said Frank; 'but it is not like the maps in papa's study.'

'They are maps of countries, not little gardens,' said Henry.

‘ I suppose they are of the same use to other people, that the little map of your garden was to me—to show them whereabouts places are— But, Henry, what are those odd-shaped, crooked bits of wood which hook into one another, and which I thought you called a map ?’

‘ That is a map, pasted upon wood : and the shapes of the different places are cut out through the paper and through the wood : and then they can be joined together again, exactly the same shape that they were in at first.’

‘ I don’t understand how you mean,’ said Frank.

Henry cut out the different beds and walks, in the little map which he had drawn of his garden ; and when he had separated the parts, he threw them down upon the table, before Frank, and asked him to try if he could put them together again, as they were before.

After some trials, Frank did join them all together ; and he told Henry that he should very much like to try to put his wooden map together, and that he would be very much obliged to him, if he would lend it to him.

‘ I am afraid,’ said Henry, ‘ to lend you that map, lest you should lose any of the parts of it.’

‘ I will not lose them, I assure you.’

‘ I tried every day for a week,’ said Henry,



‘before I was able to put it all together : and after I had done with it every day, I put it into the box belonging to it : and I regularly counted all the bits, to see that I had them right.’

‘I will count them every day before I put them by, if you will lend them to me,’ said Frank.

‘If you will promise me to do so,’ said Henry, ‘I will lend you my map for a week.’

Frank was eagerly going to say, ‘*Yes, I will promise you,*’ when he felt a hand before his lips—It was his mother’s.—‘My dear Frank,’ said she in a serious tone of voice, ‘consider before you ever make any promise—No persons are believed, or trusted, who break their promises—you are very young, Frank, and you scarcely know what a promise means.’

‘I think I know, mamma, what this promise means,’ said Frank.

‘And do you think you shall be able to keep your promise?’

‘Yes, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘I hope that I shall.’

‘I hope so too, my dear,’ said his mother; ‘for I would rather that you should never put that map together, than that you should make a promise and break it.’

Frank promised Henry, that, whenever he

took the map out of the box, he would count the pieces, to see whether he had the right number, before he put them again into the box.

‘Remember,’ said Frank, ‘I do not promise that I will not lose any of the pieces of the map—I promise only to count them; but I hope I shall not lose any of them.’

Henry told him that he understood very well what he said; and he put the box into his hands.

Frank immediately counted the pieces of the map—It was a map of England and Wales: and there were fifty-two pieces; one to represent each county.

‘Fifty-two—fifty-two—fifty-two,’ repeated Frank several times: ‘I am afraid I shall forget how many there are.’

‘Then,’ said Henry, ‘you had better write it down——Here is a pencil for you; and you may write it upon the lid of the box.’

Frank wrote a two, and five after it.

‘That is not right,’ said Henry; ‘that is twenty-five; and you know that there are fifty-two.’

‘Then,’ said Frank, ‘I must put the five to my left hand, and the two to my right hand, to make fifty-two.—Mamma, I did not understand what papa told me once, about the place of units, and tens, and hundreds.’

‘Then you had better ask him to explain it to you again, when he is at leisure: for want of knowing this, when you were to write fifty-two, you wrote twenty-five.’

‘That was a great mistake; but papa is busy now, and cannot explain about units and tens to me; therefore I will put the map together, if I can.’

Frank could not put the map together, the first night that he tried, nor the second day, nor the third; but he regularly remembered to count the bits, according to his promise, every day before he put them into the box.

One day he was in a great hurry to go out to fly his kite; but all the pieces of the map were scattered upon the carpet; and he staid to count them, and put them into the box before he went out.

It was not easy to get them into the box, which was just large enough to hold them when they were well packed.

The lid of the box would not slide into its place when the pieces of the map were not put in so as to lie quite flat.

One day—it was Friday—Frank saw his father open a large book, in which there were very pretty prints of houses; and he was eager to go to look at these prints; but his map was upon the table; and he thought he had better

count the pieces, and put them into the box, before he went to look at the prints, lest he should forget to do it afterwards: therefore he counted them as fast as he could—They were not all right—Fifty-two was the number that had been lent him: and he could not find but fifty-one.

He searched all over the room—under the tables—under the chairs—upon the sofa—under the cushions of the sofa—under the carpet—every where he could think of—The lost bit of the map was no where to be found, and whilst he was searching, his father turned over all the leaves in the book of prints, found the print that he wanted, then shut the book, and put it into its place, in the book case.

Frank was at this instant crawling from beneath the sofa, where he had been feeling for his lost county—He looked up and sighed, when he saw the book of pretty prints shut, and put up into the book-case.

‘Oh, papa! there is the very thing I have been looking for all this time,’ cried Frank, who now espied the bit of the map which he had missed; it was lying upon the table; and the book of prints had been put upon it, so that Frank never could see it till the book was lifted up.

‘I am glad I have found you, little crooked

county of Middlesex,' said Frank——'Now I have them all right—fifty-two.'

The next morning—Saturday—the last day of the week, during which the map was lent to Frank, he spent an hour and a half\* in trying to put it together; and at last he succeeded and hooked every county, even crooked little Middlesex, into its right place.

He was much pleased to see the whole map fitted together—'Look at it, dear mamma,' said he: 'you cannot see the joining, it fits so nicely.'

His mother was just come to look at his map, when they heard the noise of several sheep ba-a-ing very loud near the windows.—Frank ran to the window; and he saw a large flock of sheep, passing near the window; a man and two women were driving them.

'How fat they look, mamma!' said Frank: 'they seem as if they could hardly walk, they are so fat.'

'They have a great deal of wool upon their backs.'

'Mamma, what can be the use of those large, very large, scissors, which that woman carries in her hand?'

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\* A boy of four years old, spent, voluntarily, above an hour and a half, in attempts to put together a joining map.

‘Those large scissors are called shears; and with them the wool will be cut from the backs of these sheep.’

‘Will it hurt the sheep, mamma, to cut their wool off?’

‘Not at all, I believe.’

‘I should like then, to see it done; and I should like to touch the wool——What use is made of wool, mamma?’

‘Your coat is made of wool, my dear.’

Frank looked surprised; and he was going to ask how wool could be made into a coat; but his father came into the room, and asked him if he should like to go with him to see some sheep sheared.

‘Yes, very much, papa; thank you,’ said Frank, jumping down from the chair on which he stood.

‘I shall be ready to go in five minutes,’ said his father.

‘I am ready this minute,’ said Frank, ‘I have nothing to do, but to get my hat; and to put on my shoes.’—But, just as he got to the door, he recollected that he had left Henry’s map upon the floor; and he turned back, and was going hastily to put it into the box; but he then recollected his promise to count the pieces every day, before he put them into the box.—He was

much afraid that his father should be ready before he had finished counting them, and that he should be left behind, and should not see the sheep sheared; but he kept his promise exactly: he counted the fifty-two pieces, put them into the box, and was ready the instant his father called him.

He saw the wool cut off the backs of the sheep: it did not entertain him quite so much as he had expected, to see this done: but when he returned home, he was very glad to meet his brother Henry in the evening; and he returned the box of maps to him.

‘Thank you, Henry,’ said he; ‘here is your map, safe——Count the pieces, and you will find that there are fifty-two——And I have kept my promise: I have counted them every day, before I put them into the box——My mother saw me count them every day.’

‘I am glad, Frank, that you have kept your promise,’ said Henry, and his mother, and his father, all at once; and they all looked pleased with him.

His father took down the book of pretty prints, and put it into Frank’s hands.

‘I will lend you this book for a week,’ said his father; ‘you may look at all the prints in it; I can trust you with it; for I saw that you took care of Henry’s map, which was lent to you.’

Frank opened the book, and he saw, upon the first page, the print of the front of a house.

‘The reason I wished to look at this book so much,’ said Frank, ‘was, because I thought I saw prints of houses in it; and I am going to build a house in my garden.’

‘You have kept your promise so well,’ said Henry, ‘about the map, that I will lend you—what I would not lend to any body that I could not trust—I will lend you my box full of little bricks, if you will not take them out of doors, nor wet them.’

Frank said that he would not either take them out of doors nor wet them.

And Henry believed that Frank would do what he said that he would do, because he had kept his promise exactly in respect to the map.

Frank received the box full of little bricks, with a joyful countenance; and his mother gave him leave to build with them in the room in which he slept.

Henry showed him how to break the joints, in building—how to build walls, and arches—And Frank was happy in building different sorts of buildings, and stair-cases, and pillars, and towers, and arches, with the little bricks which were lent to him—And he kept his promise, not to wet them, and not to take them out of doors.



‘It is a good thing to keep one’s promise,’ said his mother: ‘people are trusted who keep their promises—trusted even with little bricks.’\*

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It was autumn—The leaves withered, and fell from the trees; and the paths in the grove were strewed with the red leaves of the beech-trees.

Little Frank swept away the leaves in his mother’s favourite walk in the grove: it was his morning’s work to make this walk quite clean; and as soon as dinner was over, he slid down from his chair; and he went to his mother, and asked her if she would walk out this evening in the grove.

‘I think,’ said his mother, ‘it is now too late in the year to walk after dinner, the evenings are cold; and——’

‘Oh, mamma!’ interrupted Frank, ‘pray walk out this one evening—Look, the sun has

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\* These little bricks were made of plaster of paris: they were exactly twice as long as they were broad, and twice as broad as they were thick.—Two inches and a quarter long is a convenient length, being one quarter of the length of a common brick—Common bricks are not exactly in the proportion above mentioned, as there is generally allowance made for mortar. A few lintels of wood the depth and breadth of a brick, and twelve inches and three quarters long, will be found very convenient; these should be painted exactly to match the colour of the bricks.

not set yet ; look at the pretty red sunshine upon the tops of the trees—Several of the trees in the grove have leaves upon them still, mamma : and I have swept away all the withered leaves that were strewed upon *your path*.—Will you come, and look at it, mamma ?

‘ Since you have swept my path, and have taken pains to oblige me,’ said his mother, ‘ I will walk with you, Frank—People should not always do just what they like best themselves : they should be sometimes ready to comply with the wishes of their friends ; so Frank, I will comply with your wish, and walk to the grove.’

His mother found it a more pleasant evening than she had expected ; and the walk in the grove was sheltered ; and she thanked Frank for having swept it.

The wind had blown a few leaves from one of the heaps which he had made ; and he ran on before his mother, to clear them away—But as he stooped to brush away one of the leaves, he saw a caterpillar, which was so nearly the colour of the faded green leaf upon which it lay, that he, at first sight, mistook it for a part of the leaf—It stuck to the leaf, and did not move in the least, even when Frank touched it—He carried it to his mother and asked her if she thought that it was dead, or if she knew what was the matter with it.

‘I believe, my dear,’ said his mother, ‘that this caterpillar will soon turn into a chrysalis.’

‘Chry——what, mamma?’

‘Chrysalis.’

‘What is a chrysalis?’

‘I cannot describe it to you; but if you keep this caterpillar a few days, you will see what I mean by a chrysalis?’

‘I will—But how do you know, mamma, that a caterpillar will turn into a chrysalis?’

‘I have seen caterpillars that have turned into chrysalises: and I have heard that they do so, from many other people, who have seen it; and I have read in books, accounts of caterpillars that have turned into chrysalises; and this is the time of year in which, as it has been observed, this change usually happens.’

‘But, my dear mother,’ said Frank, ‘may I keep this caterpillar in my red box?—And what shall I give it to eat?’

‘You need not give it any thing to eat; for it will not eat whilst it is in this state; and you may keep this caterpillar in your box: it will soon become a chrysalis; and, in the spring, a moth, or butterfly, will come out of the chrysalis.’

Frank looked much surprised at hearing this; and he said that he would take great care of the

caterpillar, and that he would watch it, that he might see all these curious changes.

‘Who was the first person, mamma, that ever observed that a caterpillar turned into a chrysalis, and a chrysalis into a butterfly?’

‘I don’t know, my dear.’

‘Mamma, perhaps if I observe, I may find out things, as well as other people.’

‘Yes, very likely you may.’

‘Mamma, how did the person who wrote about animals, in my book that my father gave me, find out all that he knew?’

‘Partly from reading other books, and partly from observing animals himself.’

‘But, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘how did the people, who wrote the other books, know all the things that are told in them?’

‘By observing,’ said his mother.—‘Different people, in different places, observed different animals, and wrote the histories of those animals.’

‘I am very glad that they did.—Did they ever make mistakes, mamma?’

‘Yes, I believe that they did make a great many mistakes.’

‘Then every thing that is in books, is not true, is it?’

‘No.’

‘I am sorry for that—But how shall I know

what is true, and what is not true, in books, mamma ?'

' You cannot always find out what is true, and what is not true, in books, till you have more knowledge, my dear.'

' And how shall I get more knowledge, mamma ?'

' By observing whatever you see, and hear, and feel, and trying experiments.'

' Experiments, mamma !—Papa, and grown up, wise people, try experiments ; but I did not know that such a little boy, as I am, could try experiments.'

Frank and his mother had walked on; whilst they were talking, till they came to a path, which led to the river side.

A little girl was by the river side, dipping a yellow earthen jug into the water.

The girl did not perceive Frank and his mother who were coming behind her, till she heard Frank's voice, which startled her ; and she let the pitcher fall from her hand and it broke.

The girl looked very sorry that she had broke the jug : but a woman who was standing beside her, said, ' It is no great misfortune, Mary : for we can take it home, and tie it together, and boil it in milk, and it will be as good as ever.'

' My dear mother,' cried Frank, ' then we can



mend the broken flower-pot—Shall we do it as soon as we get home?’

‘We can *try* to do it as soon as we go home.’

‘*Try*, mamma! But are you not sure it will do? That woman said the jug would be as good as ever, if it was tied together and boiled in milk.’

‘Yes; but she may be mistaken—We had better try the experiment ourselves.’

‘Is that called trying an experiment?’

‘ Yes, this is an experiment we can try.’

When they got home, Frank’s mother rang the bell, and asked to have a clean saucepan brought up stairs : and when the saucepan was brought to her, she tied the pieces of the broken flower-pot together, with pack-thread, in the same shape that it was before it was broken— She put the flower-pot into the saucepan ; and she poured over it as much milk as entirely covered it ; and after she had put the saucepan on the fire, she waited till the milk boiled ; then she took the saucepan off the fire : and she waited till the milk grew so cool that she could dip her fingers into it, without burning herself : and she took out the flower-pot, and carefully untied the wet pack-thread, and unwound it : but when she had untied it, the parts of the flower-pot did not stick together : they separated ; and Frank was disappointed.

‘ But, mamma,’ said he, ‘ I wish you would be so good as to send to the woman, and ask her how it was that she could mend broken things by boiling them in milk : perhaps she knows something about it, that we do not know yet.’

‘ Stay,’ said Henry, ‘ before you send to the woman, try another experiment—Here’s a saucer which I broke just before you came in from walking—I was rubbing some Indian ink upon it, and I let it slip off the table—Let us tie

this together, and try whether you can mend it by boiling it in the milk.'

The saucer was tied together; the milk that was in the saucepan was poured out; and some cold milk was put into it: into this milk the saucer was put: and the milk was then boiled: and the moment the saucepan was taken off the fire, Frank was impatient to see the saucer.—Before it was nearly cool, he untied the string; the parts of the saucer did not stick together: and Frank was more disappointed now than he had been before.

His mother smiled, and said, 'Frank, people who wish to try experiments, you see, must be patient.'

The woman, whom he had heard speaking to the little girl by the river side, lived very near to them: and Frank's mother sent to beg to speak to her—She came: and when she was told what had been done about the flower-pot and the saucer, she asked whether it was a long time since the flower-pot had been broken.

'Yes, about two months.'

'Then, ma'am,' said she, 'that could not be mended this way—I can only mend things this way, that have been fresh broken.'

'Mamma,' said Frank, 'how comes it that the saucer, which Henry did but just break before



we came in from walking, did not stick together, after all we did to it?’

‘Perhaps, master,’ said the woman, ‘you did not let it stand to cool before you untied it.’

‘No, I did not,’ said Frank; ‘I will be more patient this time, mamma, if you will let me try once more.’

His mother let him try once more.—As he was tying the broken saucer together, the old woman said to him, ‘Tie it very tight, and fit it close and even, or it will not do.’

He waited till the saucer was cold this time, and then he untied the string; and he found that the parts of the saucer stuck fast together; and he could scarcely see the place where they were joined.

He was pleased with this success; and he said, ‘People must be patient who try experiments; and people must be patient who are to observe things; and then I shall see the chrysalis change to a moth or a butterfly—But, mother, first I shall see the caterpillar change to a chrysalis.’

Frank put his green caterpillar into his red box; and then he went again to look at the saucer which had been mended, and at the flower-pot which the old woman said could not be mended; and he asked his mother if she could tell the reason why things which had been

broken a long time before, could not be mended by being boiled in this manner in milk.

‘I think I can guess the reason,’ said his mother; ‘but I will not tell it to you; I would rather that you should think and find it out for yourself—If I were to tell you the reason of every thing, my dear, you would never take the trouble of thinking for yourself: and you know I shall not always be with you, to think for you.’

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, ‘there is a reason that I have thought of: but I am not sure that it is a right reason—but it may be one of the reasons.’

‘Well, let us hear it, without any more reasons,’ said his mother, laughing.

‘I thought, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘that perhaps the old woman could never mend things.’

‘Things? what sort of things? chairs and tables, or coats and waistcoats?’

‘Oh, mamma, you know very well what I mean.’

‘Yes, I guess what you mean; but other people will not be at the trouble of guessing at the meaning of what you say; therefore, if you wish to be understood, you must learn to explain yourself distinctly.’

‘I thought, mamma,’ said Frank, ‘that the reason why the old woman could never mend

cups and saucers, or jugs or plates, that had been broken a great while, was because, perhaps, the edges of these might have been rubbed or broken off, so that they could not be fitted close together again—If you recollect, the old woman said to me, when I was tying the broken saucer together, ‘Tie it tight, and fit it close, or it will not do.’——Do you think that I have found out the right reason, mamma? Is it the reason which you thought of?’

‘It is the reason,’ answered his mother, ‘which I thought of; but my having thought of it, is no proof that it is right. The best way to find out whether this is the cause, is to try it.——Can you find out yourself, Frank, how you may prove whether this is the reason or not?’

‘I would rub the edges of a plate or saucer, after it was broken: and when I had rubbed off little bits of the edges, I would tie the pieces together and boil them in milk: and I would, at the same time, break another bit of the same plate, or saucer; and I would tie the broken pieces together, without rubbing off any of the edges; and I would put it into the same milk, and let it be upon the fire as long, and let it be as long before I untied it, as before I untied the other broken pieces: and then we should see whether the rubbing of the edges would prevent the pieces from joining, or not.’

Frank's mother told him that he might try his experiment.—He tried it: and he found that the broken bits of the plate whose edges he had broken off, could not be joined by being boiled in milk: and two other broken bits of the same plate, which he joined without rubbing off their edges, stuck together after they had been boiled in milk, very well.

Then Frank said, 'Mamma, there is another thing which I should like to try; I should like to tie the broken flower-pot very tight together and to fit the pieces closely: for, the last time I tied it, I did not tie it very tight: I did not know that I should have done that, till the old woman told me that I should.—I think, perhaps the flower-pot may be mended, because, though it has been broken a great while, the edges of it have never been rubbed, I believe: it has been lying in the press, in your room: and nobody has ever meddled with it.'

'Nobody has ever meddled with it, I believe,' said his mother: 'for I lock that press every day: and no one goes to it but myself: and I have never rubbed any thing against the edges of the broken flower pot.'

She went and brought the pieces of the flower-pot: and Frank tied them together, very tight, after he had fitted their edges closely and evenly together. He boiled this flower-pot

again in milk, waited afterwards till it became cool, and then he untied it: and he found, that the parts stuck together: and he poured water into it, and the water did not run out. Frank was glad that he had mended the flower-pot at last.

‘Do you think, mother,’ said he, ‘that it was made to stick together again, by being tied so tight, or by the milk, or by both together?’

‘I do not know,’ answered his mother: ‘but you may try whether tying broken pieces of earthenware together will fasten them, without boiling them in milk.’

Frank tried this: and he let the pieces that were tied together remain still, as long as those which he had before boiled in milk: and when he had untied the string, the pieces separated: they did not stick together in the least.—He afterwards tied these pieces together again, and boiled them in water: and he found, when he untied them, that they did not stick together.

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There was one part of a winter’s evening which Frank liked particularly: it was the half hour after dinner, when the window-shutters were shut, and the curtains let down, and the fire stirred, so as to make a cheerful blaze, which lighted the whole room.

His father and mother did not ring the bell for candles, because they liked to sit a little while after dinner, by the light of the fire.

Frank's father used often, at this time, to play with him or to talk to him.

One evening, after his father had been playing with Frank, and had made him jump, and run, and wrestle, and laugh, till Frank was quite hot, and out of breath, he knelt down upon the carpet, at his father's feet, rested his arms upon his father's knees, and looking up in his father's face, he said, 'Now, papa, whilst I am resting myself so happily here, will you tell me something entertaining?'

But, just as Frank said the word entertaining, the door opened, and the servant came into the room with lighted candles.

'Oh, candles! I am sorry you are come!' cried Frank.

'Oh, candles! I am glad you have come,' said his father; 'for now I can see to read an entertaining book, which I want to finish.'

'But, papa,' said Frank, 'cannot you sit still, a *little, little* while longer, and tell me some short thing?'

'Well, what shall I tell you?'

'There are so many things that I do not know, papa, I do not know which to ask for

first—I want to know whether you have ever seen a camel—and I want to know where silk-worms are found, and how they make silk—and I want to know how people weave linen in a loom, and how wool of sheep is made into such coats as we have on—And, oh, father! I wish very much, to know how the fat of animals is made into candles.

‘ You promised to tell me, or to show me, how that was done.—And, oh! more than all the rest, I wish to know how plates, and jugs, and cups, and saucers, and flower-pots, are made of clay—and whether they are made of clay such as I have in my garden—And I want very much to know where tea comes from—and——’

–‘ Stop, stop! my dear Frank,’ said his father; ‘ it would take up a great deal more of my time than I can bestow upon you, to answer all these questions—I cannot answer any of them to-night; for I have a great many other things to do—The first thing you asked me, I think, was, whether I had ever seen a camel—I have; and the print I am going to show you, is very much like the animal that I saw; and you may read his history; and then you will know all that I know of camels: and when you have satisfied your curiosity about camels, I can lend you another book, in which you may read the history of silk-worms.’

‘ Thank you, papa,’ said Frank : ‘ I shall like to read these things very much : only I cannot read quick, yet, papa : and there are words sometimes which I cannot make out very well.’

‘ If you persevere,’ said his father, ‘ you will soon be able to read without any difficulty— But nothing can be done well without perseverance—You have showed me that you have a great deal of perseverance, and—’

‘ Have I, papa ?’ interrupted Frank : ‘ when did I show that to you ?’

‘ The morning when you tried for an hour and a half, to put the joining map together.’

‘ And at last I did put it together.’

‘ Yes : you succeeded, because you persevered.’

‘ Then,’ said Frank, ‘ I will persevere, and learn to read easily, that I may read all the entertaining things that are in books : and then I shall be as glad when the candles come as you were, just now, papa.’





# FRANK,

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## PART III.

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BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

## DEDICATION

TO MY LITTLE BROTHER,

FRANCIS BEAUFORT EDGEWORTH.

SIXTEEN years ago, I dedicated a volume of Early Lessons 'To my little brother William'—He has grown up to be a man. I now dedicate this continuation of Early Lessons to you, my dear little brother Francis. You are now four years old; just the age your brother was, when Frank was written for him, and read to him. He could not then read; and you cannot now read. But the time will come, when you will be able to read; and then, I hope, you will receive pleasure from what I am at this instant writing; and I am sure that you will feel pleasure in reading Harry and Lucy, because, in this book, you will recollect all those little experiments, which your father tried for you, and which you then understood. And you will, I think, be glad to find, that you are able to comprehend the account, which he has written of them.

I hope, my dear little brother, that when you grow up, you will be such a man as your brother William now is; and then you will give your father and mother as much pleasure as that brother William now gives them.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

*Dec. 8th, 1813.*

# FRANK.

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## PART III.

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FRANK was very fond of playing at battledore and shuttlecock : but he could not always play when he liked, or as long as he liked it, because he had no battledore or shuttlecock of his own. He determined to try to make a shuttlecock for himself : but he had no cork for the bottom of it, and he had only five feathers which belonged to an old worn out shuttlecock. They were ruffled and bent. His mother was very busy, so that he did not like to interrupt her, to ask for more feathers ; and his father was out riding, so that Frank could not ask him for a cork. His brother Edward advised him to put off trying to make his shuttlecock, till his mother was not busy, and till his father should return from riding ; Frank was so impatient, that he did not take this prudent advice. He set to work immediately, to make the bottom of his shuttlecock of one end of the handle of his pricker, which he sawed off,

because he thought that it resembled the bottom of a shuttlecock in shape more than any other bit of wood which he possessed. When he tried to make holes in it for the feathers, he found that the wood was extremely hard : he tried and tried in vain : and, at last, snap went the end of the pricker. It broke in two : and Frank was so sorry that he began to cry : but recollecting that his tears would not mend his pricker, he dried his eyes, and resolved to bear the loss of it like a man. He examined the stump of the pricker, which he held in his hand, and he found that there was enough of the steel left, to be sharpened again. He began to file it, as well as he could : and, after taking some pains, he sharpened it : but he did not attempt to make any more holes in the sharp wood, lest he should break the pricker again. He said to himself—  
‘ Edward gave me good advice, and I will now take it. I will wait till my father comes home, and till my mother is not busy ; and then I will ask them for what I want.’

The next day his father gave him a cork, and his mother gave him some feathers : and, after several trials, he at last made a shuttlecock, which flew tolerably well. He was eager to try it, and he ran to his brother Edward, and showed it to him, and Edward liked the shuttlecock, but

could not then play, because he was learning his Latin lesson.

‘Well! I will have patience till to-morrow, if I can,’ said Frank.

It happened this same evening, that Frank was present, when his brother Edward and three of his cousins were dressing to act a pantomime. They were in a great hurry. They had lost the burnt cork, with which they were to blacken their eye-brows. They looked every where that they could think of for it, but all in vain: and a messenger came to tell them, that every body was seated, and that they must begin to act the pantomime directly. They looked with still more eagerness for this cork, but it could not be found: and they did not know where to get another.

‘I have one! I have one! I have a cork! you shall have it in a minute!’ cried the good-natured little Frank. He ran up stairs directly, pulled all the feathers out of his dear shuttlecock, burnt the end of the cork in the candle, and gave it to his friends. They did not know, at this moment, that it was the cork of Frank’s shuttlecock: but, when they afterwards found it out, they were very much obliged to him: and when his father heard this instance of his good-nature, he was much pleased. He set Frank

upon the table before him, after dinner, when all his friends were present, and said to him—‘ My dear little son, I am glad to find that you are of such a generous disposition. Believe me, such a disposition is of more value than all the battle-dores and shuttlecocks in the world!—you are welcome to as many corks and feathers as you please!—you, who are so willing to help your friends, in their amusements, shall find that we are all ready and eager to assist you in yours.’

Close to the garden, which Frank’s mother had given to him, there was a hut, in which garden tools and watering pots used formerly to be kept : but it had been found to be too small for this purpose, and a larger had been built in another part of the kitchen garden. Nothing was now kept in that which was near Frank’s garden, but some old flower pots and pans. Frank used to like to go into this hut, to play with the flower pots : they were piled up higher than his head : and one day, when he was pulling out from the undermost part of the pile a large pan, the whole pile of flower pots shook from bottom to top, and one of the uppermost flower pots fell down. If Frank had not run out of the way in an instant, it would have fallen on his head. As soon as he had a little recovered from his fright, he saw that the flower pot had been broken by the fall, and he took up the

broken pieces, and went into the house, to his mother, to tell her what had happened. He found his father and mother sitting at the table, writing letters : they both looked up when he came in, and said—

‘ What is the matter, Frank ?—you look very pale.’

‘ Because, mamma, I have broken this flower pot.’

‘ Well, my dear, you do rightly to come and tell us, that you broke it. It is an accident. There is no occasion to be frightened about it.’

‘ No, mamma : it was not that which frightened me so much. But it is well, that I did not break my own head and all the flower pots in the garden house.’

Then he told his mother how he had attempted to pull out the undermost pan, and how ‘ the great pile shook from top to bottom.’

‘ It is well you did not hurt yourself, indeed, Frank !’ said his mother.

His father asked, if there was a key to the door of the hut.

‘ Papa, there is an old, rusty lock, but no key.’

‘ The gardener has the key—I will go for it directly,’ said his father, rising from his seat ; ‘ and I will lock that door, lest the boy should do the same thing again.’



‘No, papa,’ said Frank; ‘I am not so silly, as to do again what I know might hurt me.’

‘But, my dear, without doing it on purpose, you might, by accident, when you are playing in that house, shake those pots, and pull them down upon yourself. Whenever there is any real danger, you know I always tell you of it, and it is much better to prevent any evil, than to be sorry for it afterwards. I will go this minute and look for the key, and lock the door,’ continued his father.

‘Papa,’ said Frank, stopping him, ‘you need not go for the key, nor lock the door: for, if you desire me not to play in the old garden house, I will not play there; I will not go in, I promise you; I will never even open the door.’

‘Very well, Frank: I can trust to your promise. Therefore, I want no lock and key—Your word is enough.’

‘But only take care you do not forget, and run in by accident, Frank,’ said his mother; ‘as you have such a habit of going in there, you might forget.’

‘Mamma, I will not forget my promise,’ said Frank.

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A few days after this time, Frank's father and mother were walking in the garden, and they came to the old garden house, and they stopped and looked at the door, which was a little open. This door could not be blown open by the wind, because it stuck against the ground at one corner, and could not be easily moved.

'I assure you, mamma, I did not forget—I did not open it—I did not go in, indeed, papa,' said Frank.

His father answered—'We did not suspect you of having opened the door, Frank.'

And his father and mother looked at one another and smiled.

His father called the gardener, and desired that he would not open the door of the old garden house; and he ordered, that none of the servants should go in there.

A week passed, and another week passed, and a third week passed, and again Frank's father and mother were walking in the garden; and his mother said—

'Let us go and look at the old garden house.'

His father and mother went together, and Frank ran after them, rejoicing, that he had kept his promise—he never had gone into that house, though he had been often tempted to do so, because he had left there a little boat, of which he

was very fond. When his father and mother had looked at the door of the garden house, they again looked at each other, and smiled and said—

‘ We are glad to see, Frank, that you have kept your word, and that you have not opened this door.’

‘ I have not opened the door, papa,’ answered Frank; ‘ but how do you know that, by only looking at it ?’

‘ You may find out how we know it; and we had rather that you should find it out, than that we should tell it to you,’ said his father.

Frank guessed, first, that they recollected exactly how far open the door had been left, and that they saw it was now open exactly to the same place. But his father answered, that this was not the way; for that they could not be certain, by this means, that the door had not been opened wider, and then shut again to the same place.

‘ Papa, you might have seen the mark in the dust, which the door would have made in opening. Was that the way, papa ?’

‘ No; that is a tolerably good way; but the trace of the opening of the door might be *effaced*, that is rubbed out, and the ground might have been smoothed again. There is another circumstance, Frank, which, if you observe carefully, you may discover.’



Frank took hold of the door and was going to move it ; but his father stopped his hand.

‘ You must not move the door—look at it without stirring it.’

Frank looked carefully, and then exclaimed—

‘ I’ve found it out, papa ! I’ve found it out !—I see a spider’s web, with all its fine thin rings and spokes, like a wheel, just at the top of the door, and it stretches from the top of the door to this post, against which the door shuts. Now, if the door had been shut or opened wider, this

spider's web would have been crushed or broken—the door could not have been shut or opened without breaking it.—May I try, papa ?

‘ Yes, my dear,’

He tried to open the door, and the spider's web broke, and that part of it, which had been fastened to the door, fell down and hung against the post.

‘ You have found it out, now, Frank you see,’ said his father.

His mother was going to ask him, if he knew how a spider makes his web, but she stopped, and did not then ask him this question, because she saw that he was thinking of his little boat.

‘ Yes, my dear Frank ! you may go into the house now,’ said his mother, ‘ and take your little boat.’

Frank ran in, and seizing it, hugged it in his arms.

‘ My dear little boat, how glad I am to have you again !’ cried he ; ‘ I wish I might go to the river side this evening, and swim it ; and there is a fine wind, and it would sail fast.’

Frank was never allowed to go to the river side, to swim his boat, without his father or mother, or eldest brother, could go with him.

‘ Mamma, will you ?’ said he—‘ Can you be so good as to go with me this evening, to the river side, that I may swim my boat ?’



His mother told him that she had intended to walk another way ; but that she would willingly do what he asked her, as he had done what she desired. His father said the same, and they went to the river side. His father walked on the banks, looking till he saw a place where he thought it would be safe for Frank to swim his boat. He found a place where the river ran in between two narrow banks of land ; such a place, Frank's father told him, in large rivers, is called a *creek*.

‘The water in this creek, was very shallow ; so shallow, that you could see the sand and many-coloured pebbles at the bottom ; yet it was deep enough for Frank’s little boat to float upon it. Frank put his boat into the water—he launched it—and set the sail to the wind ; that is, turned it so that the wind blew against it, and drove the boat on.

It sailed swiftly over the smooth water, and Frank was happy looking at it and directing it various ways, by setting or turning the sail in different directions, and then watching which way it would go.

‘Mamma,’ said he, after his mother had remained a good while, ‘you are very good natured to stay with me so long ; but I am afraid you will not have time to come again to-morrow ; and, if you cannot, I shall not have the pleasure of swimming my boat.—Papa, the water is so very shallow here, and all the way along this creek, that, if I was to fall in, I could not drown myself ; and the banks are so close, that I could walk to them and get on dry land, directly. I wish, papa, you would let me come here whenever I please, without any body with me ; then I should not be obliged to wait till mamma had time, or till my brother Edward had done his lesson ; then I could swim my boat so happily, papa, whenever I pleased.’

‘ But how can I be sure, that you will never go to any other part of the river, Frank ?’

‘ You know, papa, I did not open the door, or go into the garden house, after you had desired me not, and after I had promised that I would not : and, if I promise that I will not go to any other part of the river, you know you can believe me.’

‘ Very true, Frank, and therefore, I grant your request. I can trust to your doing what I desire you to do ; and I can trust to your promise. You may come here whenever you please, and sail your boat in this creek, from the stump of this willow tree as far in this way towards the land, as you please.

Frank clapped his hands joyfully and cried, ‘ Thank you, papa !—thank you—Mamma, do you hear that ? Papa has given me leave to come to this place, whenever I please, to swim my boat ; for he trusts to my promise, mamma.’

‘ Yes, that is a just reward for you, Frank,’ said his mother. ‘ The being believed another time, and the being more and more trusted, is the just reward for having done as you said that you would do, and for having kept your promise.’

‘ Oh ! thank you, mamma—thank you, papa, for trusting to my promise !’ said Frank.

‘ You need not thank me, my dear, for



believing you,' said his father; 'for I cannot help believing you, because you speak truth. Being believed, is not only the reward, but the necessary consequence, of speaking truth.'

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Next morning, at breakfast, Frank's father told him, that if all the flower pots were carried out of the old garden house, and if they were removed without being broken, he would give the empty hut to Frank for his own.

'For my own!' cried Frank, leaping from his chair with delight—'For my own, papa!—And do you mean that I may new roof it and thatch it?'

'If you can,' said his father, smiling. 'You may do what you please with it, as soon as the flower pots are removed; but not till then: they must all be carried to the house at the other end of the garden, before I give you the hut. How will you get this done, Frank? for you are not tall enough to reach to the uppermost part of the pile yourself; if you begin at the bottom, you will pull them all down and hurt yourself, and you would break them, and I should not give you the house.'

'Papa, perhaps the gardener——'

'No, the gardener is busy.'

Frank looked round the breakfast table at his

brother Edward, and at his three cousins, William, Charles, and Frederick—they all smiled, and immediately said that they would undertake to carry the flower pots for him.

The moment they had eaten their breakfast, which they made haste to finish, they all ran out to the old garden house. Edward took a wooden stool, mounted upon it, and handed down, carefully the uppermost of the garden pots to his cousins, who stood below, and they carried them into the new garden house.



As all these boys helped one another and worked with good will, and in good order, the great pile was soon carried away—so soon, that Frank was quite surprised to see that it was gone. Not one flower pot was broken. Frank ran to tell his father this ; and his father went out, and saw that the garden pots had been safely removed ; and then he gave the house to Frank, and put the key of it into his hand.

Frank turned to his brother Edward and his cousins, and said, ‘ Edward, how good you and my cousins were to help me ! ’

‘ You deserved, that we should do this for you,’ said Edward. ‘ We do not forget how good natured you were to us about the cork of your shuttlecock. When we were in distress, you helped us ; so it was fair that we should help you, when you wanted it.’

‘ Yes,’ said his father, ‘ those, who are ready to help others, generally find others ready to help them.—This is the natural and just reward of good nature.’

‘ *Reward!* papa,’ said Frank : ‘ that word you used several times yesterday, and again to-day, and it always put me in mind of the time, when you gave me my Bewick on Quadrupeds. You gave it to me, do you remember ? as a *reward* for having, as you wrote in the book, cured myself of a foolish habit. I recollect, that

was the first time I ever exactly understood the meaning of the word *reward*.'

'And what do you understand, Frank, by the word reward,' said his father.

'Oh, papa! I know very well; for mamma then told me, a reward is something we like, something we wish to have, something——papa, I thought I could explain it better; I cannot explain it in words; but I know what it is.—— Will you explain it to me again, papa?'

'Do you try first, if you understand what it means; and, if you will stand still, and have a little patience, you will perhaps be able to find words to express your thoughts. Try, and do not look back at the dear hut; the hut is there, and will not run away; you will have time enough, all the morning and all the evening, to play in it, and to do what you please with the roof of it. So now stand still, and show me, that you can command your attention for a few minutes.——What is a reward?'

Frank, after he had considered for a few moments, answered:—

'A reward is something, that is given to us for having done right; no, it is not always a thing, for though the first reward that was given to me was a *thing*—a book—yet I have had rewards, that were of a different sort. That was a reward to me yesterday about the boat; and

when you, papa, or when mamma praises me, that is a sort of reward.'

'It is,' said his father.

'Papa, I believe,' continued Frank, 'that a reward is any sort of pleasure, which is given to us for doing right. Is it, papa?'

'It is, my dear. Now answer me one or two more questions, and then I will reward your patience, by letting you go to your hut.'

'I am not thinking of that now, papa; I will stay and answer as many questions as you please.'

'Then, what do you think,' said his father, 'Is the use of rewards?'

'To make me—to make all people do right, I believe.'

'True; and how do rewards make you or make other people do right?'

'Why'——Frank paused, and considered a little while.

'Papa, you know I like, and all other people like, to have rewards, because they are always pleasures; and, when I know I am to have a reward, or when I hope even, that I shall be rewarded for doing any right thing, I wish, and try to do it; and, if I have been rewarded once, I think I shall be rewarded again for doing the same sort of thing; and, therefore I wish to do it.'

And even, if I have not had the reward myself, if I have seen another person rewarded for doing something well, I think and hope, that perhaps, I may have the same if I do the same, and that makes me wish to do it. When you gave John, the gardener's boy, a little watering pot, because he had made a net for the cherry trees, I remember I wished to make a net too, because I hoped that you would give me a watering pot ; and when mamma praised my brother Edward, and gave him a table, with a drawer in it, as a reward for keeping his room in order, I began to try to keep my room in better order—and you know, Edward, I have kept it in order, in better order, ever since, papa ; that is all I can think of, about the use of rewards—I cannot explain it better.'

'You have explained it as well I expected that you could, Frank. Now run off to your hut, or your house, whichever you please to call it.

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Frank found, that there were holes in the thatch of his house, and that, when it rained, the rain came through these holes and wetted him, and spoiled the things which he kept in his house—therefore, he wished to mend the thatch.

He went to his father and asked him, if he would be so good as to give him some straw.

His father said, that he would, if Frank would do something for him which he wanted to have done.

‘I will do anything I can for you, papa,’ said Frank.—‘What is it?’

‘Look at those laburnums, Frank,’ said his father. ‘Do you see a number of blackish dry pods hanging from the branches?’

‘Yes, papa, a great number.’

‘Do you know what those pods contain?’

‘Yes; little black shining seeds—the seeds of the laburnum tree.’

‘I want to have all those seeds, that I may sow them in the ground, and that I may have more laburnum trees. Now, Frank, if before the sun sets, this evening, you bring me all those seeds, I will give you straw enough to mend the thatch of your house.’

‘Thank you papa.—I will work very hard, and gather them as fast as I can.’

Frank ran for his basket, and began to pluck the pods from the lower branches of one of the laburnums. Soon he filled his basket with the pods, and then those, which he tried to cram in at the top of the basket, sprang up again, and fell over the sides; so he began to make a heap on the ground of the pods, which he afterwards pulled from the tree. When he had finished

gathering all, that he could reach from the lower branches of one tree, he went to the lower branches of the next, and made a heap under that tree ; and so on. There were nine laburnum trees ; and when he had got to the ninth tree, and was pulling the seeds from that, he heard a rustling noise behind him ; and, turning round, he saw Pompey, the little dog, dragging the laburnum seeds about in his mouth.

‘ Oh, Pompey ! Pompey ! let those alone ! ’ cried Frank.

But as fast as he drove him from one heap, Pompey ran to another, and scratched and scattered about the heaps with his feet, and snatched up the pods in his mouth, and scampered with





them over the garden, while Frank ran after him; till at last he caught the dog; and, in spite of Pompey's struggling, carried him out of the garden, and shut the door. When he had put Pompey out, he collected all his pods together again: and, just when he had done so, the gardener opened the garden door, and Pompey was squeezing in between the gardener's legs: but Frank called aloud, to beg that the gardener would keep him out: and, every time any body opened the garden door Frank was obliged to watch, and call to them, making the same request. This was so troublesome, and interrupted him so often, that Frank thought it would be better to carry his heaps of pods into his garden house, and to lock the door, so that Pompey could not get in to pull them about. Frank carried the heaps, dropping many pods by the way, and going backwards and forwards so often, that this took up a great deal of time. He heard the clock strike three.

/ 'Three o'clock already!' said Frank to himself, looking at the numbers of pods, which hung on the upper branches of the laburnums. 'How much I have to do, and how little I have done! Oh, Pompey! Pompey! you don't know the mischief you have done me,' said he, as the dog squeezed his way in, when the gardener again opened the garden door.

‘ Indeed, master,’ said the gardener, ‘ I cannot keep him out.’

‘ Well, Pompey, come in ! you cannot do me any more harm. Now you may run snuffling about the garden, as much as you please, for my seeds are safe locked up.

But, though, the pods were safe, yet it wasted Frank’s time sadly to lock and unlock the door every time he had a fresh basket full to throw into the house : and he was obliged to keep the basket hanging always upon his arm, lest Pompey should get at it. Frank lost time, also, in jumping up and down every five minutes from the stool, on which he was obliged to stand to reach the pods from the higher branches, and moving this stool from place to place took up time. Presently, he had gathered all that he could reach when standing upon the stool, even when he stood on tiptoe, and stretched as far as he could possibly reach. Then there was time lost in fixing a step ladder, which his father lent to him, upon condition, that he should never get upon it, till he had fixed it quite steadily, and had put in a certain prop, all which required some minutes to settle properly. The running up and down this ladder, with his basket, continually, as it was filled, tired Frank, and delayed him so much, that he got on with his business

very slowly, though he worked as hard as he could.

The morning passed, and the evening came : and, after dinner, Frank jumped from his chair as soon as the table-cloth was taken away, and said he must go to his work, for that he was afraid he should not be able to finish it before sunset. His brother Edward and his three cousins said that they would help him if his father had no objection. His father said that he had no objection ; that he would be glad that they should help Frank, because he had worked hard, and had been so good humoured when the little dog had hindered him.

Frank ran to the laburnum trees, followed by his brother and cousins, rejoicing. As he went, he said—‘ Now we shall get on so quick !—as quickly as we did when you all helped me to move the flower pots.’

‘ Yes,’ said Edward, ‘ and for the same reason.’

‘ Yes, because there are so many of us,’ said Frank.

‘ And for another reason,’ said Edward.

‘ What other reason ?’

‘ Look, and you will see,’ said his father.

Then Edward settled, that each person should do so, that they might each do what they could do best, and that they might help one another,

and do what they wanted, as quickly as they could. Edward was to stand upon the ladder, because he was the tallest, and he could reach most easily to the uppermost branches of the tree: he was not obliged to run up and down the ladder, to carry the seeds: because Frank was appointed to collect and carry the pods off, as fast as Edward gathered, and threw them to the ground. Frederick and William sat on the grass at the door of the hut, where the great heap had been collected; and it was Charles's business to supply them with pods, from which they shelled the seeds. As soon as Edward had finished pulling all the seeds from the trees, he joined Frederick and William, and helped to *shell the seeds*, that is, to pick them out of the pods; and as soon as Frank had brought from underneath the trees all the pods that had been thrown there, he was set to open the pods, ready for the pickers; and Charles, who had by this time, brought out all that were in the hut, was now employed constantly in collecting and throwing into a heap the empty husks—because it was found, that time had been lost in searching the empty husks, which had been often mistaken, at first sight, for full pods.

‘Ay,’ said Frank, ‘now I see the other reason that you meant, Edward—I see why we go on so quickly and well: because each person does one

thing, and the thing he can do best—so no time is lost’

No time was lost. And they finished their work, had the laburnum seeds shelled and collected in a brown paper bag, and all the rubbish and husks cleared away, just as the sun was setting.

‘Here are mamma and papa coming to see if we have done!’ cried Frank; ‘and we have done. Come, papa: come as quickly as you please: here are the seeds all ready!—But do you know, papa,’ continued Frank, as he put the bag of seeds into his father’s hands, ‘it was as much as ever we could do, for I lost so much time this morning. It was all we could do, to make up for it this evening. And, though there were so many of us, and though we all went on as fast as we could, I am sure we should never have finished it in time if we had not managed as we have done.’

His father asked him in what manner they had managed. Frank explained, and showed how they had divided the work among them, so as to save time. His father told him, that manufacturers and workmen, who are obliged to do a great deal of work in a short time, always, if they are wise, help one another, and save time, in the same manner, that he and his brother and cousins had done. ‘And this,’ added he, turning to

Edward, 'this is what is called *the division of labour*.'

'In making this pin,' continued he, taking a pin from Frank's mother—'in making a pin, eighteen different workmen are employed. In a manufactory for making pins, each workman does that part, which he can do best. One man draws out the wire, of which the pins are made: another straightens it: a third cuts it: a fourth grinds it at the top, ready to receive the heads. To make the heads requires the different work of two or three men. Another man's business is to put on the heads: another's, to sharpen the points; and sticking the pins in the papers is a business by itself. Now one workman, if he was to try to make a pin, without any assistance from others, could not, probably, make a single pin; certainly he would not be able to make twenty in a day. But, with even nine men to assist him, dividing the labour amongst them, as I have described to you, they could, altogether, make forty-eight thousand pins in a day; so that each of the ten men might be reckoned to make four thousand eight hundred pins.'

'Ten men make forty-eight thousand pins in a day!' cried Frank: 'and one man four thousand eight hundred pins!—O papa! is this true?'

'Yes, I believe it is true,' said his father. 'When we go in, your brother Edward shall read to us an account of this, if he likes it, from the book in which I read it.\* But, Frank, look what comes here!' added his father, pointing to a labourer, who now came into the garden with a great bundle of straw—'Where would you like to have it put?'

Frank chose to have it in his garden house : and his father ordered that it should be put there. Then Frank thanked his brother and cousins for helping him so kindly : and he said, that he thought he should never forget the advantage of *the division of labour*.

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\* 'I have seen a small manufactory of this kind' (viz. of pin making), 'where ten men only were employed, and where some of them, consequently, performed two or three distinct operations. But, though they were very poor, and therefore, but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make, among them, about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are, in a pound, upwards of four thousand pins, of a middle size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But, if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.'—*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, vol. 1, page 6, quarto edition.

Some time ago, Frank had told his father that he would *persevere* in trying to learn to read, that he might be able to employ and to entertain himself. He did as he said that he would do. He *persevered*, till he had learned to read quite easily. Then he read, in books, which his mother lent him, accounts of the camel ; of which, ever since he had seen the print of it, he had wished to know the history. He read, also, entertaining accounts of the elephant, and of many other animals. In the books, which were lent to him, he read only what he could understand ; when he came to any thing, that he did not understand, he asked his father or mother to explain it to him. If they had not time to attend to him, or to answer his questions, he went on to some other part of the book, which he could understand ; or he left off reading, and went to do something else. Whenever he felt tired of reading, or whenever he wanted to hear or see something, that was going on in the room with him, and found that he could not attend to what he was reading, he always shut the book, and put it away—he never kept a book before him, when he was tired or sleepy, or when he was thinking of something else.

So Frank became very fond of reading.

He could now employ himself happily on rainy days, when he could not run about out of



doors, or when he had no one to talk or to play with in the house. At night, when the candles came, and when all the rest of the family began to read, Frank also could read, and he said—

‘Papa, now I am as happy as you are when the candles come!—Thank you, mamma, for teaching me to read.’

His mother gave him a book, called—‘*The Book of Trades.*’ When she gave it to him, she said to him—

‘Frank, there are many parts of this book, which you cannot yet understand; but you will, I think, be entertained by looking over the prints of the men and women, at work at their different trades, and you will understand some of the descriptions of what they are doing.’

Frank thanked his mother, and he looked over all the prints in the four volumes of this book. He looked at each print carefully, and examined every thing in it before he turned over the leaf, to look for another.

He was pleased with the print of the chandler, making candles; and of the shoe-maker, making shoes; and of the turner, turning at his lathe; and of the rope-maker, making ropes; and of the weaver, working at his loom. After he had looked at these prints, he read some of the explanations and descriptions, in hopes that he should

be better able to understand the prints. He began with the chandler, who, as his mother told him, is a person who makes candles: and Frank was curious to know how candles are made. But there were several words, in this account of candle-making, of which he did not know the meaning; and there was one whole sentence, about *bales of cotton performing quarantine*, which puzzled him sadly. His mother explained to him several of the words, which he did not understand; but she told him, that she could not then explain to him what was meant by *performing quarantine*; and that he could understand how candles were made, without having this sentence explained to him.

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, ‘I do now know pretty well how they are made; but I think I should understand it all a great deal better, if I were to see it done—Mamma, I wish I could see somebody making candles.’

A few days afterwards, Frank’s mother called him to her, and told him, that the cook was going to make some candles—‘Should you like to see them made, Frank?’

‘Yes, very much indeed!’ said Frank: ‘thank you, mamma, for calling me.’

Then his mother took him to the room, where the cook was preparing to make mould candles. The first thing he saw was a large saucepan,

which the cook had taken off the fire to cool. Frank asked what was in the saucepan. He was told that it was full of melted mutton suet. Some suet, which had not been melted, was shown to him; he said, that it looked like cold fat, and he was told that this suet was the fat of mutton.

The next thing, which Frank saw was a wooden frame, or stand, about the height of a common table. In this stand were a number of round holes, through each of which hung a tube, or hollow pipe, of pewter, the size of a candle. These hollow pipes were taper; that is, narrower at one end than at the other, and growing narrower and narrower by degrees. The largest ends were uppermost, as the pipes hung in the frame; so that they looked like the shape of candles, with the part that is usually lighted hanging downwards: at the narrow end, these pewter tubes were made in the shape of the top of a tallow candle, before it is lighted.

‘Mamma! I know what this is!’ cried Frank; ‘and I know what it is for. It is the same sort of thing, which I saw in the print of the tallow chandler, in the Book of Trades. These pipes are the moulds, in which the candles are to be made; the melted stuff, the melted suet, is to be poured into this open mouth, and it runs all the way down, down—Then it

is left to cool, and then it is pulled out, and the candle is made—this broadest end is the bottom of the candle, which is to go into the candlestick, and this narrow end the top—it is hanging upside down now—You see I understand it all, mamma !

‘ Stay, Frank ; do not be in such a hurry : do not be too quick. You do not understand it all, yet. You have not observed or discovered some things, in these moulds, which are necessary to be known : and you have forgotten the most material part of a candle.’

‘ What can that be, mamma ?—Tell me pray.’

‘ I would rather that you should think, and find it out for yourself, Frank.’

Frank considered a little, and then answered—

‘ Mamma I have thought of every thing, and I can think of nothing else. Here are the mould, and the melted grease, which is to be poured into the mould, to make the candle.—What can be wanting ?’

‘ How would you light the candle ?’ said his mother.

‘ By the wick, to be sure !—Oh ! the wick !—I forgot the wick !—Where is the wick !—What is the wick made of ?’

‘ It is made of cotton—Look here, master !’

• said the cook, showing him a ball of coarse cotton.

‘And how do you get this cotton into the middle of the candle?’

‘That I will show you, sir,’ said the cook.

She then took one of the candle moulds out of the wooden frame, in which it hung: and Frank looked at the narrow end, which had hung downwards, and he saw, at the bottom, a little hole: and he said—

‘Here is a little hole; this must be stopped, or else all the melted tallow will run through it. Shall I stop it up with this bit of paper, mamma?—I will roll it up and make a stopper, shall I?’

‘No, thank you master!’ said the cook; —‘You shall see how I will stop it up.’

Then she doubled the cotton, which she held in her hand; and she cut off as much as would reach from one end of the candle mould to the other, and a little more. Then she put the cotton, just where she had doubled it, in at the broadest end of the mould, and she let it fall all down the pipe, to the small hole, at the narrow end; and by means of a wire, she drew the cotton through the hole, leaving a loop of cotton, as long as that, which is commonly seen at the wick of a tallow candle, which has not been

lighted. Then she stuck a peg of wood into the little hole: this peg, together with the cotton which had been put through the hole, stopped it up completely, so that none of the melted tallow could run through it. She next tied the other ends of the cotton together, and put a small bit of wood, like a skewer, through the loop, which she had made by tying the cotton together.—This skewer lay across the broad end of the mould, and fitted into two notches, in the outer rim of the mould, at opposite sides. The cotton was now tight in the mould, from top to bottom—Frank looked into the mould, and saw that it was so.

‘Cook, why are you so careful to make the cotton tight, and to put it just in the middle of the mould?’ said Frank.

‘That the wick of *my* candle may be in the middle,’ said the cook. ‘In good candles the wick must always be in the middle.’

When the cook had put cotton in the same manner into all the moulds, she was ready to pour the melted tallow into them. Frank was afraid, that the tallow had grown cold, because the saucepan, in which it was, had been taken off the fire some time. But the cook said, it was quite warm enough; that it would not make good candles if it was very hot. As Frank now went close to the large saucepan, he saw, that

there was a smaller saucepan, within side of it. The smaller saucepan held the melted tallow ; and, between the large and the smaller saucepan, the space was filled with water : both at the sides and at the bottom, between the small and large saucepan, there was water. Frank asked the reason of this.

The cook answered—‘ Master, it is to hinder *my* tallow from burning, or being made too hot ; which would spoil it, as I told you.’

‘ But how does the water hinder the tallow from being made too hot ; for the water is hot itself, is it not ?’

‘ It is, master ; but still it keeps the tallow from being *too* hot—I can’t say how ; but I know it is so, and I always do it so.’

‘ But I ask the reason—I want to know the reason—mamma,’ said Frank.

‘ I will endeavour to explain the reason to you some other time, my dear,’ said his mother ; ‘ but, first, let us look at what the cook is doing, that you may not miss seeing how candles are made.’

Frank looked, and he saw the cook replace all the pewter moulds, in the wooden frame, with the narrow ends downwards, and the broadest ends uppermost : and into the open-mouth of the broadest end, which was uppermost, she poured, carefully and slowly, the melted tallow, from the



spout of the saucepan, into each of the candle moulds. She poured it not over the cotton, at the top, but on each side of it, so as to leave the cotton, and the skewer that was put through it, standing above the grease, when the mould was filled nearly to the top. When this was done, the cook said that they must leave the tallow to cool ; and that it would be some time before it could be cool.

Frank went away with his mother, and he asked her if she could now answer the question about the hot water. But, just then his father



called her, and she had not time to answer Frank.

She was busy the rest of the morning, and Frank went to his garden, and worked in it ; when he was tired of working, he trundled his hoop upon the walk, and kept it up till he was tired of running after it.—It began to rain, and then he went into the house, and learned by heart, some of the multiplication table, which his mother had desired him to learn.

Some company dined, this day, with his father and mother ; and his mother could not talk to him again, till after the company had gone away, in the evening.—Frank was glad when the company was gone, and when his mother had again time attend to him.

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The next day, Frank asked his mother to take him to look at the candles ; he said, that he hoped the cook had not taken them out of the moulds, for he wished to see that done. The cook had not taken them out ; for his mother had desired, that she should not do this till Frank should be present.—The first thing the cook did was to pull out the pegs, which she had stuck between the cotton of the wick into the little holes, at the smallest end of the moulds : then she took hold of the cotton loop, through which

the bit of stick had been put, at the larger end of the mould, and she drew it up gently; and with the cotton came the tallow, out of the mould, in the shape of a candle; and as it came out Frank exclaimed,

‘It is a real candle, indeed!—Shall we light it, mamma?’

‘Not yet, my dear. It is not hard enough. It must be hung up for two or three days, before it will be fit to be used.’

The cook drew all the candles out of the moulds, and she hung them up to harden.

‘Well, now, mamma, I have observed carefully all that has been done; and I have not been too quick, have I? I have learned something *accurately*, as you say. Now I know how to make candles!’

‘You have seen how candles are made; that is, you have seen how mould candles are made. These are called *mould candles* because they are made in a mould; but there are other ways of making candles.’

‘Yes, I remember the man in the Book of Trades says, that there are dipped candles, as well as mould candles.’

‘Yes, master,’ said the cook; ‘the dipped candles are made by dipping the wick into the tallow, then letting it dry and then dipping it

again into the tallow ; and every time more and more sticks to the candle ; and it is left to dry, between every dipping ; till, at last, it is the size the candle should be.—Then ; besides dipped candles, and mould candles, there are rushlights, master ; such as the poor people use here, in their cottages, you know.'

' I do not know,' said Frank—

' Tell me what are rushlights ? Are they made of rushes ?'

' Yes, sir.'

' Oh ! tell me how they are made !'

' If I can, I will take you this evening to the cottage of that good natured old woman, who showed you her spinning-wheel,' said Frank's mother ; ' and I will ask her to show you how rushlights are made.'

' Thank you, mamma—Are there any other sorts of candles ?'

' There is another sort, which you have seen, and that is not made of tallow.'

' I recollect—wax candles, mamma.'

' They may be made nearly in the same manner, that dipped tallow candles are made—only, that melted wax is poured over the wick, instead of the wick being dipped into the wax. The wax candle is rolled upon a smooth table, to make it smooth and round. There are other ways of making wax candles ; but I will not tell

you any more, at present, lest you should not be able to remember all that you have seen and heard.'

'But, mamma, tell me one thing more,' said Frank, as he followed his mother up stairs. 'Wax, I know, is made by bees, and wax candles are made of wax; but there is another kind of wax candle, or of candle, that looks like wax. It has a long, hard name, which I cannot remember.'

'Do you mean spermaceti?'

'Yes—spermaceti—What is that?'

'Spermaceti is a fatty substance prepared from the brain of a species of whale—You have seen the print of a whale, and have read an account of a whale?'

'Yes; the great fish—the largest of fishes—I remember, I never should have guessed, that candles were made from any part of a fish. Mamma, what a number of things we must know, before we can know well how any one thing is made or done.'

'Very true, my dear little boy; and I am glad to see that you wish to acquire, or get knowledge.'

His mother could not talk to him any more this morning, but, in the evening, she called him, and said—'Now, Frank, you may walk with your father and me to Mrs. Wheeler's cottage.'

‘To the good natured old woman’s? O! I am glad of that, mamma!’ said Frank.

He ran for his hat, and he was ready in an instant; for he was happy to go with his father and mother. It was a fine evening, and the walk was pleasant, through pretty paths, in green fields; and there were several stiles, which Frank liked to get over. He showed his father how quickly he could get over them.

‘Look, papa, how well I can jump! how I can *vault* over this stile!—You know, you said, that men ought to be active—Now, papa, am not I active?’

Frank ran on, without waiting for an answer; and he ran till he came to a rivulet, or a little river, or brook, which crossed the path. There he stopped, and stood still, for there was only a narrow plank, or board, across the stream; and the hand rail, by which Frank used to hold, when he walked over, had been broken, since he had last been at this place. The rail had fallen into the water, and there was nothing, by which Frank could hold. His father and mother came up to him.

‘Frank,’ said his father, ‘what is the matter! You look very melancholy.’

‘Yes, papa; because I am afraid we must turn back. We cannot go on.’

‘Why not, my dear?’



‘ Look at this broken bridge, papa—’

‘ Broken hand rail of a bridge, you mean, Frank. The bridge is not broken. This plank is as broad and as strong as it was before ; and you know you have walked over it safely—You see it will bear my weight ; and I am much heavier than you are,’ said his father, standing on the plank.

‘ Yes, papa ; so I see—’

‘ And you see,’ said his father, walking over the bridge, ‘ you see that I can walk over it, though there is no hand rail.’

‘ Yes, papa, so I see,’ said Frank ; but he stood still, without attempting to follow his father.

‘ Come on, my boy,’ said his father : ‘ unless you mean to stand there all night.’

‘ No, papa——Yes, papa——Mamma, will you go first ?’

His mother went over the bridge : still Frank felt afraid to follow : but when his father said, ‘ Men ought to be brave—boys should conquer their fears,’ Frank tried to conquer his fear : and he put his foot upon the bridge, and his father held out his hand to him, and he walked on, slowly at first and quicker afterwards, till he got quite across. Then he said,

‘ Papa, I will go back again, and do it better.’

He went back again, and walked quite stoutly over the plank : his father holding his hand. And then he said,

‘ Papa, I will do it without holding your hand.’

So he did—And he went backwards and forwards two or three times, till he had quite conquered his fear—Then he felt glad and pleased with himself, especially when his mother smiled upon him and said,

‘ That is right, Frank, my dear—This puts me in mind of a little boy, who conquered his fear, as you have done.’

‘ Who was that, mamma?’

‘ A little boy, who was younger than you are.’

‘ Was it a real boy, mamma?—And is it a true story?’

‘ It is a true story, of a real boy—He was about five years old.’

‘ Much younger than I am!’ cried Frank.  
—‘ Well, mamma?’

‘ When this little boy was taken to the sea shore, to be bathed, for the first time, in the sea, he was afraid, when he saw the wave of the sea coming, and when he felt it going over him.’

‘ So should I have been, I dare say, mamma.’

‘ But he was ashamed of having been afraid, and he was determined to conquer his fear : and he turned to the sea and said, ‘ Wave, do that again!—Wave, come over me again!’—And the next time he showed no fear.’

‘ What was the name of the boy, mamma, and who were his father and mother?’

‘ I cannot tell you their names, my dear : but I can tell you that the boy is son to the greatest general, the greatest hero in England.’

‘ The greatest hero—Oh ! then I know who who he is, mamma.’

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When they came to Mrs. Wheeler's cottage, Frank's father went into a field, near the house, with the old woman's son, to look at a fine crop of oats; and Frank's mother took him into the house, where they found Mrs. Wheeler getting ready her grandson's supper. She stopped doing what she was about, when she saw Frank and his mother. She looked glad to see them, and said—'You are welcome, madam;—you're welcome, master; be pleased to sit down.' Then she set a chair for *madam*, and a little stool for *master*, and she swept the hearth quite clean; and she called to a little girl, of about six years old, who was in the room, and bid her run to the garden, and gather some strawberries, and bring them in for Frank. Frank thanked this good natured old woman; but he said—

'I did not come to beg strawberries; and, though I love strawberries very much, I do not wish to have any of yours, because I believe you have but very few for yourself.—What I want you to do for me is to show me how you make rush candles.'

'That I will with pleasure, master,' said Mrs. Wheeler.

'But, Mrs. Wheeler, first finish what you were about, when we came in,' said Frank's mother—'I believe you were getting ready your supper.'

‘It is George’s, my grandson’s supper, madam.’

‘Then it is not fair, that your George should lose his supper, because my Frank wants to see rushlights made,’ said Frank’s mother, smiling.

‘That is true,’ said Frank, and I dare say, that her George, mamma, will be very hungry when he comes in, for I saw him working hard in the fields—and I am always very hungry, when I have been working hard.—Pray, Mrs. Wheeler, finish getting ready George’s supper—I can wait, as long as you please; and I wish I could do something for you, as you are going to do something for me—Let me carry those sticks to the fire—I can do that—and you may go on with your cooking.’

‘God bless you! master,’ said the old woman; ‘but this is too great a load for your little arms.’

‘Let me try,’ said Frank.

‘Yes; let him try,’ said his mother: ‘he loves to be useful.’

‘And I am useful too!’ cried Frank, carrying the great bundle of sticks to the fire.

His mother began to show him how to put them on the fire—

‘But,’ said she, ‘some of these are wet, and they will not burn readily.’

‘Aye,’ said the old woman. ‘I am afraid that is a wet bundle—I took it from the wrong place: yonder in that corner, are all the dry faggots.’

Frank had never heard the word *faggots* before, and he did not hear it quite plainly now; but he saw what the old woman meant, because she pointed to the place where the faggots lay. So he ran directly for another bundle of sticks, and he carried it towards the fire; and, throwing it down beside his mother, said—

‘There, mamma, there’s another *maggot*, and a dry *maggot* for you!’

‘Faggot, not *maggot*,’ said his mother.

‘Maggot!’ cried the old woman, laughing, with her arms akimbo, ‘Lord bless him! don’t he know the difference between a maggot and a faggot?’

‘What is the difference?’ said Frank.

‘Why, master!—a maggot!—Lord help us!’—the old woman began, as well as she could speak while she was laughing.

‘Mamma,’ said Frank, turning to his mother, ‘Mamma, I would rather you would tell me; because you will tell me without laughing at me.’

The old woman who saw that Frank did not like to be laughed at, but who could not stop herself, turned her back, that he might not see

her ; but he saw her sides shaking all the time his mother was explaining to him the difference between maggot and faggot.

‘ A maggot is a small worm ; and a faggot is a bundle of sticks.’

‘ Yes, mamma,’ said Frank.

‘ Well, Frank, now I have told you, can you tell me, what is a maggot and what is a faggot ?’

‘ A maggot, mamma, is——Mamma, I did not hear—I could not attend to what you said, because——’

The old woman walked out of the room, and stood laughing in the passage.

‘ Mamma,’ whispered Frank, ‘ I shall not call Mrs. Wheeler my good natured old woman any more, because she is laughing at me.’

‘ Then, Frank, I am afraid I cannot call you my good humoured little boy any more.—What harm does her laughing do you, Frank ?—Let us see, has it broken any of your bones ?’

‘ No,’ said Frank, smiling, ‘ but I don’t like to be laughed at much—especially for not knowing any thing.’

‘ Then, to avoid being laughed at again for the same thing, had not you better learn that, which you did not know ?’

‘ I had.—Now, mamma,’ said Frank, turning his back to the door, so that he could no longer see Mrs. Wheeler—‘ Now, if you will be so good,

to tell me again, I will attend, if I possibly can ; but I was so much ashamed, mamma——'

' My dear,' said his mother, ' There is nothing shameful in not knowing the meaning of words which you never heard before. When you have not done anything wrong or foolish, never mind being laughed at—a man should never mind being laughed at for a trifling mistake.'

' Mamma, I will never mind. Tell me now, and I will show you I never mind.'

His mother repeated to him the explanation of the two words ; and as soon as he knew this, he ran to the door, and called out very loud—

' A maggot is a small worm and a faggot is a bundle of sticks !—You need not laugh any more, Mrs. Wheeler.'

' Oh, master ! I ask your pardon—I will not laugh any more—I was very rude—I ask your pardon—But I'm foolish, and could not help it—I hope you are not angry, master.—I hope,' said Mrs. Wheeler, coming back into the kitchen, and curtsying, ' you are not angry, madam ?'

' Mamma is not angry at all,' said Frank ; ' and I was only a little angry ; and it is over now—Come in, come in,' said he, pulling her by the hand, ' and look how well the fire is burning, that I and mamma—that mamma and I made.'

' Bless your little soul ! that forgives and

forgets in a minute,' said the old woman—' I wonder Hannah is not in with the strawberries.'

' I don't want the strawberries yét,' said Frank ; ' you have not put the pot on the fire, to boil the supper for George—Won't you put it on now ?'



# FRANK.

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## PART IV.

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Mrs. WHEELER put the pot on, and, while the supper was boiling for George, she showed Frank how to make rushlights. First, she took down from a hook, on which they hung, a bundle of rushes—Frank had seen rushes growing, in a field near his father's house; and he had gathered some of them, and had peeled them; and he knew, that in the inside of the rush, there is a white soft substance, called pith. But when he had attempted to peel rushes, he had always been a great while about it, and he had seldom been able to peel more than about the length of his finger of the rush without breaking the white pith. Mrs. Wheeler, in an instant, stripped the rush of its thick green outside, all except one narrow stripe, or rind of green, which



she left to support the soft pith ; and she peeled, without breaking it, the whole length of the pith contained in the rush, which was almost as long as Frank's arm.

‘ Can you guess, Frank, what part of a candle this rush is to be ? ’ said his mother.

Frank thought for a little while, and then answered, that he supposed the rush would be made into the wick of the candle, and that it would serve instead of the cotton, which he had seen used by the cook in making mould candles.

‘ Yes, master, you have guessed right, ’ said Mrs. Wheeler.

Then she brought from a corner near the fire a gresset, or small pan, in which there was melted grease. Frank gave the rush to her to dip into it ; but she said, that it would not make a good rush candle, because it had not been left to dry for some days. She took another peeled rush from a bundle, which hung up in a press, by the fireside. This, which had hung there, as she said, for two or three days, was drier, and less white, than that, which had been freshly peeled ; she drew the rush through the melted grease, and she said—

‘ It will be cool, and fit to burn, in about five minutes. ’

In about five minutes it was cool, and the old

woman lighted it, and it burned ; but there was so much daylight in the room, as the setting sun was shining full upon the window, that the light of the small rush candle could scarcely be seen. Therefore Mrs. Wheeler took it into another room, at the opposite side of the house, where the sun did not shine at this time. There, when she had shut the shutters, the flame of the rushlight was plainly seen. Frank observed, that this rush candle did not give nearly so much light, as a thick tallow candle did. Mrs. Wheeler said, that she could not afford to buy tallow candles often, and that these rushlights were enough for her. Frank perceived, that, after he had been a little while in this room, he could see the things in it better than he did when the shutters were first closed, and when his eyes had been dazzled by the sunshine. He was surprised to find, that he could make out the words at the bottom of a print, to which the old woman held the light.

‘ Mamma, I could scarcely see it before, and now I can see it quite plainly, and I will read it to you.’

He read aloud—

‘ For want of a nail, the shoe was lost.

For want of a shoe, the horse was lost.’

Just as Frank got to ‘ *the horse was lost*’ the rushlight was burnt out.

‘Oh!—Is the candle gone so soon?’ cried Frank. ‘Mamma,’ continued Frank, turning to his mother, whilst Mrs. Wheeler opened the shutters—‘Mamma, you know such a candle as that would last, at home, the whole night—several hours a rush candle lasts at home, mamma.’

‘Do you think, that the candles being *at home* makes any difference, as to their burning?’ said Frank’s mother, smiling.

‘No, no, mamma,’ said Frank, laughing: ‘I know, that the *rush* candles, which we have at home, would burn as long a time here as they do at our house. But I mean that ours burn longer, because there is more grease or tallow about them. Mamma, if there was no tallow about this rush, would it burn at all? or would it burn away a great deal sooner, than it does now?’

‘Try, and you will see my dear,’ said his mother.

Mrs. Wheeler gave Frank a peeled rush, and he lighted it at the fire, and it burned: but the flame was not bright, and it soon went out. Frank dipped it into the grease, and it burned better. Mrs. Wheeler went to see, if George’s supper was ready; and Frank continued talking to his mother—

‘Mamma, I believe it is the melted grease, that burns, and makes the bright flame of the

candle; but I do not know how. Mamma, what becomes of the grease, or the tallow, when the candle burns ?'

'Do not you see the smoke, that rises from the top of the flame ?' said his mother.

'Yes, mamma, I see the smoke; but what has that to do with what I asked you ?'

'Do you not know what that smoke is ?—Do not you remember your father's showing you, one evening after tea, the difference between smoke and steam ?'

'I remember, mamma, steam comes from water, when it is made hot: I remember papa showed me the steam, the vapour rising from the hot water in the tea urn; and I recollect papa held a cold plate over it, and showed me, that the cold turned the vapour back again into water; I saw the drops of water *condensed*—I remember the word. And I recollect he afterwards held a plate over the candle, and said, that what rose from the candle was smoke, not steam—I do not remember about the smoke—I recollect only that the plate was blackened, which was held over the candle, and that the plate was not wet; but I do not know exactly how it was.'

'Did you never hear any thing more about smoke ?' said his mother.

'O yes ! I recollect papa told me, that smoke,

when cold, became soot, and fell down to the ground, or stuck to any cold thing, that was near it.'

'Just so the smoke of the candle is the vapour of melted tallow, which boils by the heat of the candle; and when this vapour is *condensed* by cold it becomes soot, such as you see sticking to the ceilings, where many candles are used: soot is frequently collected, on purpose, upon plates held over lamps, and is then called lampblack.'

'Mamma, once I saw, in the little, little barrel, at the time the painter was going to paint the black board; at the bottom of your room, some light black powder—Was that lampblack?'

'Yes, my dear, that was lampblack; and it is used for paint, and for making blacking for shoes and boots.'

'Very well, mamma, I understand that: but I want to go back to the candle—the melted tallow, the vapour of boiling tallow, makes the candle burn, and keeps the candle burning. Mamma, I do not know how, and why the candle burns—And what is the flame?'

'Frank, till you have more knowledge, I will not attempt to explain that to you,' said his mother. 'But, whenever you can understand it, you shall read all that is known about the burning of a candle. You will find it in that book, which

your brother Edward was reading yesterday—  
'Conversations on Chemistry.'

'Ay, that book which he likes so much—But, mamma, I do not like it. Edward said to me, 'Don't interrupt me, Frank—I am busy—I am very happy, reading this.' Mamma, I got up behind his chair, and began trying to read over his shoulder : but I did not like the book much.'

'No, because you did not understand it at all.'

'And I am afraid I shall never understand it,' said Frank.

'Do you not understand part of books now, Frank, which you did not understand when you began to learn to read ?'

'Yes, parts of 'Evenings at Home,' and parts of 'Sandford and Merton,' which I did not understand, and did not like last year ; and now I like them very much.'

'Then you may hope, that the time will come if you try to improve yourself, when you will understand and like 'Conversations on Chemistry,' as your brother now does—Even what you have seen and learned this evening will help you a little.'

Just then Frank looked out of the window, and he saw the little girl, who had been sent for strawberries, coming along the path which led to the house. She brought a basket of fine straw-

berries. The old woman set a little deal table in the porch, where the honeysuckles, which hung over the roof of the porch smelled very sweet. The sun was setting, and it was cheerful and pleassnt.

‘Look, master Frank ! I have strawberries for you and for myself, too !’ said Mrs. Wheeler. ‘My George takes care of my garden, and I have plenty of fruit and flowers—these honeysuckles that smell so sweet, are all his planting.’

Frank’s father returned from the oat field, where he had been ; and Frank, and his father and mother, sat in the porch, covered with honeysuckles, and eat strawberries and cream.

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After Frank had eaten as many strawberries as he liked, he and his father and mother thanked the good-natured old woman, and his mother put into the little girl’s hand some money. The girl curtsied, and smiled, and looked happy.

Then Frank followed his father and mother out of the cottage, and his father said, that they would walk home by a new way, through the oat field, and afterwards through a neat farm-yard, and round by a pretty lane, which would take them to the bridge. Frank did not hear what his father said ; and his father turning his

head back, saw Frank walking slowly behind him, and looking, as if he was thinking intently of something.

‘What are you thinking of, Frank?’ said his father.

‘I am thinking, papa, about money.’

‘What about money, Frank?’

‘I am thinking how happy that little girl looked when mamma gave her some money, and how glad people always look when money is given to them. The reason, I know, is because they can buy things with money—bread and meat, or clothes, or balls and tops, and playthings, or houses, chaises, or any thing they wish for. But, papa, I wonder, that the people, who have bread and meat, and clothes and tops, and balls, and all sorts of pretty or useful things, are so foolish, as to give them for little bits of gold, or silver, or copper, which are of no use.’

‘No use!—My dear, recollect, that you have just said, that they are of use to buy any thing people want or wish for. Suppose you had two tops, and that you wanted to have a ball, instead of one of your tops, you might sell one of your tops, and with the money, that would be paid to you for your top, you might buy a ball.’

‘But, papa, why could not I change one of my tops for a ball, without buying or selling, or having any thing to do with money?’



‘Your top is worth more than a ball; however, you might, if you liked it, exchange your top for a ball: but it is not so easy to make exchanges of heavy and large things, as for light and small things—you cannot carry large or heavy things, for instance, coals, or cows, about with you, to exchange; and yet one man may have more coals, and another more cows, than he wants; and, if they wish to exchange these, then it is convenient to give money, which can readily be carried in the pocket.’

Frank did not quite understand what his father meant: his father said, that it was too difficult for him to comprehend, and that he should only puzzle him, if he talked to him any more about it, yet.

‘Papa,’ said Frank, looking a little mortified, ‘I am sorry, that there are so many things, that I cannot understand *yet*—What shall I do?’

‘Attend to those things which you can understand, my dear boy; and then you will learn, more and more, every day and every hour—Here are men reaping oats—Look at the sickle, with which they are cutting down the oats—Did you ever see a sickle before?’

‘Yes.’

Frank remembered having seen sickles last autumn, when his mother took him to see some men reaping wheat; and he said he recollected;

that the bundles of the wheat, which the men bound together, and set upright on their stalks, were called sheaves, and that the top of each separate stalk of wheat is called the ear.

His father bid him run and gather an ear of barley, which was growing in the next field, on the left hand, and also an ear of wheat, which was growing in a field on the right hand ; and when Frank had gathered these, his father showed him the difference between oats, barley, and wheat. Frank knew, that wheat is made into bread, and that barley and oats are sometimes made into bread, and that oats are eaten by horses. But there is another use of barley, which he did not know.

‘ Did you ever taste beer, Frank ?’

‘ Yes, papa.’

‘ Do you know of what beer is made ?’

‘ I think my brother Edward told me, that it is made of malt and hops ; and he once, when the brewer was brewing, showed me some hops ; he said, that hops give the bitter taste to beer— But, papa, I do not know what malt is.’

‘ Malt is corn, that has been made to begin to grow again and that is not suffered to grow a long time. Corn, you know, is a name for many kinds of grain : as wheat, barley, maize, oats and rye.’

‘How do they make it *grow* a little?’ said Frank.

‘By wetting the grain and heaping it up, which makes it hot; then it swells, and the grain becomes soft; and, if it is opened, it is found to contain a kind of flour—I think I once gave you some malt to taste—Do you remember the taste of it, Frank?’

‘Yes, papa, it has a sort of sweet taste.’

‘Well; when the malt has swelled, and is ready to burst, they stop its growth, by taking it out of the heap, and spreading it upon the ground, and at last by putting it into a place that dries the corn, and prevents it from growing any more.’

‘Papa you showed me such a place at Mr. Crawford’s the maltster’s, and he called it a kiln. And what do they do next to the malt?’

‘They then brew it, and make beer of it.’

‘I know that—But how do they brew it, papa?’

‘I cannot explain that to you, now, my dear; but the next time the brewer comes I will take you into the brewhouse, and you may then see part of what is done to make beer of malt.’

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Whilst Frank's father had been talking about malt and beer, they had walked through two or three fields, and they came to a neat farm house.

The man, to whom the house belonged, came out and said—

‘How do you do, landlord? Madam, you are welcome—Will you walk in my yard, sir, and look at my new barn, which I am just now thatching?’

‘Pray, papa, take me with you,’ said Frank; ‘for I want very much to know how to thatch the old garden house better.’

His father took him to the yard. When they came there, Frank saw, lying on the ground, on one side of the yard, a great heap of straw, and on the other side he saw a bundle of hay, of which horses were eating. As he was passing between the heap of straw and the bundle of hay, Frank heard his mother tell his father, that she once knew a young lady, who had lived till she was fourteen years old in the country, and yet who did not, at that age, know the difference between straw and hay.

Frank laughed and said—‘What a very ignorant young lady that must be, mamma! I know the difference between straw and hay, perfectly: this on my right hand is straw, and this on my left hand is hay. Cows and horses

eat hay, but they do not eat straw; beds are sometimes made of straw; and hats and a great many things are made of straw; and houses are thatched with straw, and not with hay. You see, mamma, I know a great deal more, than that young lady, though she was fourteen—How very old!’

‘But all this time you have not told me Frank, what hay is, and what straw is.’

‘Hay is grass dried, and straw is the stalks of wheat.—You know, mamma, last autumn, I saw the men thrashing.—’

‘I saw the corn that was thrashed out of the ears; and what was left, after the corn was beat out, you told me was called chaff; and the stalks, mamma, you told me were to be called straw.’

‘Well remembered, Frank,’ said his father. ‘Perhaps, if the poor ignorant young lady of fourteen had, at your age, had as kind a mother as you have, and had been told and shown all these things, she might have remembered them as you do.—But, Frank, the stalks of wheat are not the only stalks that are called straw. The stalks of wheat are called wheat straw, but there are other kinds of straw. The stalks of oats, and of barley, and of rye, are all called straw.’

‘Which kind of straw is the best for thatching houses, papa?’

‘Wheat straw, I believe,’ said his father.

By this time, they had come to the barn which the man was thatching.—Frank looked up attentively a little while, and then said—

‘The man is so far above me, papa, that I cannot well see how he fastens on the straw—May I go up this ladder, papa?’

Frank pointed to a ladder, which stood beside that on which the thatcher was at work. Frank’s father made him no answer, till he had examined if the ladder was firmly fixed; and then he told Frank, that he might go up.

‘I will follow you, Frank,’ added he, ‘to take care of you when you get to the top.’

‘No, papa, thank you, you need not; for I am not at all afraid, because I know so well how to go up and down a ladder.’

Frank ran to the ladder, and a maid servant, who was milking a cow in the yard, cried out—

‘Master! master! dear young master! What are you about? Don’t go up the ladder, or you’ll break your pretty little legs.’

Frank laughed, and began to go up the ladder directly. He had been accustomed to go up and down a step ladder, which his father had in his library. Formerly, when he was a very little boy, he had not been allowed to go up that ladder, and he never had gone up it till his father gave him leave. And now, he was proud of

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being permitted to mount a ladder. So he went up ; and when he was half way up, he turned back his head to look at the maid, who had hid her face with her hands. Frank laughed more and more, at her fright.

‘ Take care, Frank ; mind what you are about ; hold fast by the sides of the ladder. You are in much more danger now than you were in crossing the plank over the brook ; for, if you miss a rung (a step of the ladder,) you will fall

and hurt yourself very much.—There is no courage in being careless.’ X

Frank knew that his father told him the truth about *danger*, as well as about every thing else, and he always attended to what his father advised ; therefore he left off laughing, and he took care to hold fast, and not to miss any rung of the ladder. He found, that this ladder was much higher than that, which he had been used to go up ; his father was behind him ; he reached the topmost rung safely, and his father put one of his arms round Frank, and held him, for his head grew a little giddy : and he had not been used to look down from such a height. In a few minutes, when his attention was fixed on what the thatcher was doing, he forgot this disagreeable feeling ; and he was entertained by seeing the manner in which the house was thatched.

‘ Papa, I see, that he puts on the straw quite differently from what I did, when I was trying to thatch the house in my garden.’

‘ Why, how did you put on the straw ?’

‘ I put it in bundles upon sticks, that made the roof.’

‘ What do you mean by bundles ?’

‘ I took as much as I could grasp, or hold in my hand, and I put it on the wooden roof, not quite like steps, but one above another.’



‘ And you found that the rain came in between every bundle, did not you ? ’

‘ I did indeed—and I was very sorry : after all my pains, after I had thatched my house, the water came in, the first time there was a hard shower of rain. ’

‘ Yes : because you put the bundles of straw the wrong way. You see the thatcher does not lay handfuls of straw in steps, one above the other, as you did : but he begins at the eaves of the roof, near the wall, just at one end of the house, and he lays several bundles one beside the other. ’

‘ I understand you, ’ said Frank. ‘ I put them one above the other, like the steps of the ladder, he puts them beside each other like the sides of the ladder. ’

‘ He fastens them down with bent twigs, which he calls *scollops*, ’ said Frank’s father.——‘ Or else, look, here is another way—he fastens the straw down with a rope made of straw, with which he actually sews the thatch down to the roof, with this long iron rod, which you see he uses like a needle. ’

‘ But, papa, you said, that he begins at the *eaves* of the house—What is the *eaves* ? ’

‘ The *eaves* are that part of a roof, that is nearest the wall. They are the lowest part of the roof, and the thatch hangs over the wall, to

carry off the rain without its touching the wall. Here is a *scollop*. You see, it is sharpened at both ends, that it may stick in the roof. Observe the thatcher.—He is going to put on the second row of thatch above the first.’

‘Yes; I see that the lower part of the bundle, that he is now putting on, is put over the upper part of the bundles below it.’

‘Why does he do so?’

‘I do not know.’

‘Think a little, Frank.’

‘I do think, papa,—but I cannot find it out.’

‘The rain would fall between the bottom of the row, which he is now putting on, and the first row, if the bottom of the second did not lap over the top of the first; and the rain would run in at the holes made by the scollops, if they were not covered with the second row of thatch.’

When Frank had seen and heard all that his father showed and told him about thatching, he went down the ladder, as carefully as he had gone up it. As he passed through the farm yard with his father and mother, he stopped to look at some pretty hens and chickens, that were picking up oats. Whilst Frank was looking at them, a large turkey cock came strutting up to him, making a great noise, spreading its black wings, stretching out its blue and red throat, and looking



ready to fly at him. Frank started back, and had a great wish to run away, but his father, putting a stick into his hand, said—

‘Frank, stand steady, my boy; drive him away with this stick.—That’s right: drive him away.’

The turkey cock began to run away, turning back, from time to time, and making a terrible noise; but Frank pursued him, threatening him with the stick; and, as fast as Frank came up to him, the turkey cock gobbled and run away.\*

‘Well done, Frank! you have fairly driven him away,’ said his father, shaking hands with him. ‘You see you can conquer him; and that he has not hurt you; now the next time a turkey cock attacks you, if you have a stick in your hand, you need not be afraid.’

‘My dear Frank,’ said his mother, ‘I am glad to see you are become so much stouter than you were. When you were a very little boy, and not nearly so strong as you are now, I remember we had a turkey cock, in the yard, which one day frightened you; and your father ordered, that it should be sent away, that it might not frighten you again; for you were not then able to defend yourself.’

‘But I am now older, and am able to defend myself,’ cried Frank; ‘and willing too, mamma.’

Frank marched on, in triumph, before his mother; and passed by the door of the chicken yard, looking proudly at the turkey cock, who dared not come out. Frank amused himself, during a great part of the way home, in imitating the strut and noise of this animal; and he frequently turned to his mother, asking her, if *this* was not very like; and *this* still more like: and begging her to shut her eyes and listen, and tell whether she could know his *gabble* from that of the real turkey cock.

Frank was tired, at last of doing this ; and his mother was tired of listening to him——

‘ Now, mamma, I have done being a turkey cock.’

‘ Very well, my dear, I am glad of it.—Let this woman, who seems to be in a hurry, pass by you, Frank,’ said his mother.

Frank looked behind him, and he saw a woman, with a milk pail on her head, and another under her arm. He made way for her, and when she had passed, he said—

‘ Mamma, that is the very same woman who was milking the cow in the farm yard, and who said to me, ‘ Master ! master ! don’t go up the ladder, or you will break your pretty little legs.’—Mamma, was not she foolish, to be so much frightened ? I wonder how any body can be afraid to go up a ladder. What a coward she must be, poor woman !’

As Frank was saying this, they came to the narrow bridge ; and, to Frank’s surprise, he saw this woman run, without any appearance of fear, across the plank.

‘ With one pail on her head, and the other pail under her arm too !’ cried Frank, stopping short, and looking at her with astonishment.—‘ Mamma, can that be the same woman ? Then she cannot be a coward !—Not a coward about going

over narrow bridges but she is a coward about going up a ladder, mamma.'

She is accustomed to go over this bridge, and she finds, that she can do so without being hurt ; and you, Frank, have been accustomed to go up a ladder without being hurt.'

' Yes, the ladder in papa's study, I go up and down very often every day. The first time I went up it, I was a little afraid ; and I remember clinging fast, and going very slowly—I see, mamma, that people learn not to be afraid of what they are accustomed to ; and I believe people can teach themselves not to be afraid.'

As Frank finished speaking, he walked boldly over that bridge, on which, but a short time before, he had scarcely dared to put his foot—that bridge, which he had thought it impossible to cross.

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Frank's father was very careful always to keep his promises. He remembered that he had promised Frank that, whenever the brewer came, he would let Frank see how beer was brewed. The brewer was now going to brew, and Frank's father called Frank and took him into the brewhouse.

‘What a very large vessel that is, papa!’ said Frank, pointing to a vessel which he saw in the brewhouse.

‘It is large, compared with that, which you have seen the cook use for boiling meat; but it is small, compared with the brewing pan or boiler, used in a public brewery, where a great quantity of beer is brewed for numbers of people. We brew only the quantity, that we want to drink ourselves.’

‘What is in the boiler, papa?’

‘Water—Look at this large wooden vessel; this is called a vat. Into this, the malt is put, and the water, that is boiled in the boiler, is poured into the vat, and mixed with the malt; and, after some other management, it becomes a liquor called *wort*.—This is all you can see to-day.’

The next day, his father called Frank again, and took him into the brewhouse and showed him the *wort*, and bid him taste it: he tasted it, and found it sweet: but it had not the taste of beer, though it had something of the colour of muddy beer. His father told him, that hops must be mixed with the wort, before it could taste like beer. He showed Frank hops, and Frank tasted the hops, and found, that they had a bitter taste.

‘ And is this all that is done to make beer, papa ?’

‘ Not all—the wort, after the hops have been boiled in it, must be set to *work*, or *ferment* ; and after it has fermented for some time, it becomes beer.’

‘ What is to ferment ?’ said Frank.

‘ I cannot explain it to you,’ answered his father. ‘ But you shall see this wort when it is fermenting.’

Then Frank’s father desired the brewer would send and let him know, as soon as the beer should begin to ferment.—The brewer did so some time afterward ; and Frank went to look at it. It was not now in the brewhouse.

‘ You see, Frank,’ said his father, ‘ that the liquor in these vessels is not like what you saw in the brewhouse. It is, however, the same liquor ; but it is now in a state of fermentation.’

‘ It looks, indeed, quite different,’ said Frank ; ‘ that liquor was of a dull brown colour, and quite smooth on the surface ; this is all frothy, and of a muddy yellow and white colour. It is full of bubbles ; some rising from below the surface, and others bursting.’

‘ That froth is called yeast, or barm : and it is by means of this yeast or barm, that bread is made spongy and light. Bread made without barm is heavy, like unbaked paste.’



‘Papa, how is the beer made to work or ferment, as it is called?’

‘Some yeast, that was got from other beer, that was fermenting, was put into this beer; and that set it a working, as it is called.’

‘How does it set it a working, papa?’

‘I do not know,’ answered his father.

‘How did they get yeast for the first beer, that was made to ferment?’

‘I do not know,’ answered his father.

‘Why, papa, I thought you knew every thing.’

‘Indeed, my dear, I know very little and I never pretend to know more than I do. The older people grow, and the wiser they become, the more they feel that they are ignorant of a number of things. Then they become the more desirous to learn: and the more they learn, the more pleasure they feel in acquiring fresh knowledge.’

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After he had seen and heard all that his father could show, or tell him, about the fermentation of beer, Frank went to read to his mother, as he usually did, at this hour, every morning.

‘You have just been seeing how beer is made, Frank,’ said she; ‘now should you like to know how cider is made?’

‘ Very much, mamma.’

‘ Here is a book, in which you can find an account of it.’

She put into his hand the first volume of Sandford and Merton, open at the place which gives an account of Harry and Tommy’s visit to the farm house, where they saw a room full of apples, and where the farmer’s wife described the manner in which she made cider of apple juice.

Frank read all this to his mother, and it entertained him so much, that when he had finished it, he asked his mother to let him read some more of that book.

His mother said, that she was afraid, he was not yet able to understand all of it ; and that she advised him to *keep the pleasure* of reading it, till he should be able quite to understand it.

‘ O, mamma ! here is the story of two dogs, Jowler and Keeper—Mamma ! just let me look at that, and a story of *the good natured little boy* and *the ill natured boy*—I am sure I can understand that, mamma ; and the story of the gentleman and the basket maker, and Androcles and the lion : I will begin at the beginning, mamma, if you please ; and, if I find, that I do not understand it, I will put it up again in your book-case, and *keep the pleasure*, as you say, till I am able quite to understand it.’

Upon this condition, Frank's mother gave him leave to read Sandford and Merton. He sat down immediately on the carpet, and he read eagerly for sometime till he came to a long dialogue, and then he yawned—His mother sent him out to work in his garden. She would not allow him to read much at a time, because she wished to prevent him from being tired of reading. He had the pleasure of reading a little of Sandford and Merton every day. He found that he understood a great deal of it; and his mother told him, he might miss some parts; 'You will read that book over again I am sure, some time hence; and then you will be able to understand it all, and then you may read the parts, which you now miss.'

Frank was particularly delighted with the account of the house, which Harry and Tommy built. And as soon as Frank got over the difficulty of the hard name *Spitzbergen*, he liked the account of 'the extraordinary adventures of the four Russian sailors, who were cast away on the desert island of East Spitzbergen.'

'Mamma, I like this, because it is true,' said Frank—'Mamma, I like books, that tell me true things, and that teach me something.'

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One morning, when Frank was going to put on his shoes, he found, that there was a hole in the side of one of them, so he put on another pair, and he ran with the shoe that had the hole in it, to his mother, and asked her to have it mended for him. She said, that she would send it to the shoemaker's.

'Mamma,' continued Frank, 'I should like to go to the shoemaker's; I should like to see how he mends my shoe, and how he makes new shoes. I understand something about it, from having seen that print of the shoemaker, in the Book of Trades, and from having read the description; but I think I should understand it much better if I was to see a real shoemaker at work.'

'I think you would, my dear, and when I have leisure, I will take you to see a shoemaker at work.'

'Thank you, good mamma!—And I should like to see every thing done, that is shown in the prints of that book,' continued Frank. He ran for the book, and, turning over the leaves, 'I should like, mamma, to see the trunkmaker, the wheelwright, the turner, the ropemaker, the papermaker, the bookbinder, the brazier, the

buttonmaker, the saddler, the glassblower, and—oh, mamma!—the printer, and——?

‘Stop, stop, my dear Frank!—I cannot show you all these; but, if you are not troublesome, I will show you any, which you can understand, whenever I have an opportunity, and when I have time. You know that I have a great many things to do, and cannot always attend to you, my little Frank.’

‘I know that, mamma—But you have time, have not you, to take me to the shoemaker’s to-day?’

‘Not to-day, my dear.’

‘But, mamma, will you tell me how paper is made?’

‘Not now, my dear.’

‘Well, mamma, I will tell you how I intend to manage about my arbour.’

‘Not at present, my dear. Do not talk to me any more, now—I am going to write a letter.’

Frank went away, and employed himself, that he might not be troublesome, and that he might make himself happy.

The next day, his mother took him to the shoemaker’s: he saw him at work—he saw the awl, with which the shoemaker makes holes in the sole of the shoe and in the leather, through which holes he puts the waxed thread, with which he sews them together—he saw, that,

instead of using needles, the shoemaker used hogs' bristles, which he fastened to the waxed thread, with which he worked ; so that the bristles served him as needles. He put the two ends of the thread in at opposite sides of the holes, and then drew the thread tight, by pulling each end at one and the same time ; and in doing this, he pushed out his elbows, and made an odd jerking motion, which diverted Frank very much.

' Now I know the reason,' said Frank, ' why, in the song, which papa sings, about the cobbler, it says, that he wanted elbow room—

' There was a cobbler, who liv'd in the coomb,  
And all that he wanted was elbow room.'

Frank saw, in the shoemaker's shop, large pieces of leather of different colours, black, white, red, blue, green, and purple. He asked leave to look at these ; and one of the men in the shop, who was not busy, took out of a drawer some skins, as he called them, and spread them on the counter, before Frank, who touched, and smelt, and looked at them, for some minutes, and then said—

' I know that leather is the skin of animals—of horses, and dogs, and calves, and of some kinds of goats, and of—of—I forget the name—seals.'

‘Why, master!’ said the shoemaker, looking up from his work, ‘many a little master, of your age, for whom I make shoes, does not know so much—you are a very clever little gentleman.’

Frank coloured, and was ashamed; for he recollected the *flattering lady*, and he thought the shoemaker was flattering and laughing at him—He turned away, and said to the man who had showed him the skins—

‘Tell me, will *you*, how the skins of horses, and dogs, and goats, are made to look like this *leather*, which I see before me?—I know, pretty well, how the hair of the horses, and dogs, and calves, is got off, because I read an account of that, in my Book of Trades—I know the currier, with a long knife, with two handles, scrapes it off—But I don’t know, and I wish you would tell me, how you turn the skin into leather, and how you give it such beautiful colours.’

‘Master, I cannot tell you *that*—It is not our trade; that is the business of the tanner and the leather dresser—I buy the leather from them just as you see it. Please to sit down, master, that I may measure you for a pair of shoes.’

Frank, finding that the shoemaker’s man could not tell him any thing about tanning or dyeing, contented himself with observing the manner, in which this man took measure of his foot. Frank looked at the stick, or ruler, which the

shoemaker used. It was made to fold up and open, something like a carpenter's common ruler ; but there was hinged at one end of it, a bit of brass, about two inches long ; and this was hinged so, that it could be made to stand up, or shut down as you please. This piece of brass the shoemaker turned up, and put behind Frank's heel, when he began to measure his foot, and he laid the ruler under the sole of Frank's foot. There was another piece of brass hinged in the same manner, which could be slid backwards and forwards upon the ruler : the shoemaker pushed this up to the end of Frank's foot, and then looked at divisions, which were marked upon the ruler ; and he saw the distance between the brass at the heel, and the brass at the toe ; and he knew what size Frank's shoe had ought to be, as to length. The breadth he measured by *spanning* the foot ; that is, by putting his fingers round it, in different places.

When the shoemaker had finished taking measure, he shut up his measuring stick. Frank asked leave to look at it once more, because he had not observed exactly how it was fastened when shut. The shoemaker put it again into his hands, and he saw how one part of the brass notched in to the other, so as to fasten both the parts of the ruler together, when shut.

The shoemaker then showed Frank some



other things, which he wished to see, in his shop. He showed him a bootjack, for drawing boots off, and a wooden leg, which is put into boots, to stretch them ; and he showed him the *lasts*, or moulds on which shoes are made.

Wherever Frank went, people were generally ready to answer his questions, and to show him what he wanted to see, because he took care not to be troublesome, and he did not ask foolish questions. He sometimes found, however, that people could not spare time to show him things ; and he often found, that he could not understand their manner of explaining.

Some days after Frank had been at the shoe-maker's, as he was walking out in the evening, with his father and mother, he heard a dog barking at a distance.

'How far off, mamma, do you think that dog is?' said Frank.

'About a quarter of a mile, I should guess. I fancy it is White the tanner's dog.'

'The tanner!—Mamma, I wish he had not that barking dog.'

'That barking dog is very useful to the tanner, and he will not do you any harm. That dog is always chained up in the day time ; he is let loose only at night, when he guards his master's property, and prevents any one from stealing the leather, which the tanner leaves in his tan pits.'

‘ Then, mamma, if the dog is chained up, and cannot do me any harm, I wish you would be so good, as to take me to see the tanner and the tanpits—you know, the shoemaker told me, that the tanner tans leather—Mamma, will you go?—Papa, will you go to the tanner’s?’

‘ Yes, Frank, we will go with you,’ said his father—‘ I am glad to see that you are so desirous to acquire knowledge.’

They walked across two or three fields, towards the tanner’s house; and when they came near it the barking of the dog was heard very loud. But at the same time, that Frank heard his loud barking, he also heard the rattling of the dog’s chain; and he knew, therefore, that he was chained up and could not do him any mischief. His father told Frank to take care, as he passed by this fierce dog, not to go within his reach—not to go within the length of his chain. Frank took care, and walked at a prudent distance. The tanner came out, and silenced his dog, and then Frank could hear and attend to what was said.

But, though he attended, he did not understand all that the tanner said; for the man spoke in a tone different from what Frank had been accustomed to hear.

‘ Here bees my tanpits, master, if that bees

what you're *axing* for. And all that is, as I knows about it, you see, master, is this, that I *puts* the skins into one of these here pits, first-and-foremost, to cleanse it of the hair, like ; and then I stretches it upon a *horse*, you see, and I scrapes off the hair.'

' while you are doing that ?'

' And does the horse stand still,' said Frank,

' Oh bless you ! master, it's a wooden horse I be thinking of.'

' Oh !—I understand !—But what is in this pit ?'

' First-and-foremost, I put it into this pit,' said the tanner.

' First, he puts it into this pit,' said Frank's father, observing, that Frank did not know what the man meant by first-and-foremost, which he pronounced very quickly, and like one word.

' Master, there is what we call limewater ; and then I puts it into stronger lime water, to soak again ; and then I takes it out, and hangs it to dry, and then again soaks it ; and so on, till it is fit for the *tan-pit*, here,' said the tanner, pointing to a pit.

' And what is in this pit ?' said Frank.

' The bark, master—nothing in life, master, but the bark and water.'

' The bark,' said Frank ; ' what do you mean by the bark ?'

‘ I means the bark, that is ground and thrown into this here pit with water.’

Frank looked to his father for explanation ; and his father told him, that the bark, of which the tanner spoke, was the bark of oak trees.

‘ This bark,’ continued his father, ‘ contains something called *tannin*, which, after a length of time, gets into the pores, or openings, in the leather, and makes it hard. And after that, when the leather is dry, it does not let water easily pass through it ; and then it is useful for making shoes and boots, and harness, and for covering trunks, and various other purposes.’

‘ But what is that something called *tannin*, papa ?’ said Frank.

‘ I do not know,’ said his father. ‘ But I know, that it has a particular taste, which is called *astringent* ; and that it makes leather hard, and fit to keep out water. Dip your finger into that pit, where you see bark and water, and taste the liquor, and then you will know what is meant by an astringent taste.’

Frank dipped his finger into the tanpit, and tasted the bark and water : and he understood what was meant by an astringent taste.

‘ Is this *all*, that you can tell me, papa ?’

‘ All, that I can tell you at present, my dear. When you are able to understand it, you can

read more on this subject in *Conversations on Chemistry.*'

'But I do not see here any of the red or green coloured, smooth, shining leathers, which I saw at the shoemaker's.'

'No ; they are not made at a common tanner's. They are coloured, and made smooth and shining, as you saw them, at the leather dresser's.'

Frank's next wish was, to go to a leather dresser ; and to learn how the leather was made of these beautiful colours. The tanner said, that he always sent his leather, as soon as it was tanned, to a leather dresser, who lived in a town at twenty miles' distance from him and from the place where Frank's father and mother lived.

They could not take him to the leather dresser's conveniently. In a book, a sort of dictionary, which his father lent to him, Frank afterwards looked for an account of the manner in which leather is dyed. He found, that he could not understand it, so he turned his attention to something else, which he could understand.

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The next day, he passed by a nailer's forge, and he asked his father to take him in, and to let him see how nails were made.—In the course of a few weeks afterwards he saw several other things, which entertained him.

Last year, when he had seen the sheep-shearing, and had been told, that the wool cut from the back of the sheep could be made into cloth for a coat, such as that which he wore, he had been curious to know how this could be done. His mother showed him how the wool is spun into woollen yarn; and this year, when he was able to understand it, his father showed him a loom, and explained to him the parts of the machine; and showed him how woollen yarn is woven into cloth, by means of a loom.

This summer, Frank saw several other things, about which he had been curious. His father showed him how books are printed, in a printing press. And, some time afterwards, he took Frank to a glass-house, and let him see men making several things—bottles, decanters, tumblers—he saw them pull the glass, when it is hot and soft, into various shapes; and blow air into it, and blow it out into any forms they pleased. This entertained him exceedingly.

But, whenever Frank saw anything that entertained him much, he always wished, that he had

his brother Edward, or his cousin William, or his cousin Frederick or Charles to tell it to. They were gone home, and his brother was gone to school; and Frank wished that he had some companion, of nearly his own age, to talk to and to play with.

Frank had a little cousin Mary; and about this time little Mary, who was between five and six years old, was brought to his mother's house. Mary was dressed all in black, when Frank first saw her; and she looked very melancholy. Frank went to his father, who was standing in another part of the room; and he whispered to his father, and asked, why Mary was dressed in black, and why she looked so melancholy. His father answered—

‘Because her mother is dead.’

‘Poor girl!’ said Frank. ‘If my mother was dead, how sorry I should be—Poor little Mary! what will she do without a mother?’

‘Mary is to live with us,’ said his father; ‘your mother and I will take care of her, and teach her, as well as we can; and you will be kind to her, will you not, Frank?’

‘That I will, papa,’ said Frank.

He ran directly for those of his playthings, which he thought would please her the most. And he spread them before her. She looked at them, and smiled a little; but she soon put them

down again, and did not seem to be amused by them. Frank took her to his garden, and gathered for her those of his flowers, which he liked the best; but she did not seem to like them nearly as much as he did, or as much as he had expected she would. She said—

‘Thank you; but mamma had nicer flowers than these, at home—I wish I was with mamma—I wish mamma could come back again to me.’

Frank knew, that her mamma could not come back again to her; but he did not say so then, to Mary. He took her to look at the house, which he was building; and he showed her the sticks, which his papa had given him for the roof, and he explained to her how he intended to roof it, and how he intended, afterwards to thatch it; he said, that they two could work at it together, and he asked her if she should like it.

She said, she believed, that she should like it ‘by and by, but not then.’

He asked her, ‘what she meant by *by and by*?’

She said, ‘To-morrow, or some other day, but not to-day.’

To-morrow came; and little Mary, after she had slept all night, and after she had eaten some breakfast, and after she had become better acquainted with all the people in the house, who



were strangers to her, began to look more cheerful; and, by degrees, she talked a little more; and, presently, she began to run about, and to play with Frank. He played with her, at whatever she liked best; he was her horse, for that was what she asked him to be; and he put a bridle of packthread round his body, and let her drive him; and he lent her his best whip, with which he let her whip him on as much as she pleased.

After Mary had been at Frank's home for a few days, she began to call it her home; and she called his mother 'mamma,' and she seemed happy again.—But Frank could not, at all times, play with her; he had several other things to do; and, when he did play with her, he did not choose always to play at the play, which she liked best. Sometimes, at night, she wanted him to make a cat's cradle, or a paper boat, for her, when Frank wished to read an entertaining book; and sometimes he wanted to work in his garden, or to go on roofing his house, when she wished him to be her horse, or to roll her in the wheelbarrow. Upon these occasions, Mary was sometimes a little cross; and Frank was sometimes a little impatient.

Frank had now finished roofing his house, and he was beginning to thatch it in the manner he saw the thatcher: he wanted Mary to help him:

he told her she must wait upon him, as he had seen the labourer wait upon the thatcher, who thatched the barn. He said she should be his *straw man*; and he showed her how to carry the straw; and he charged her always to be ready when he cried out—

‘More straw!—more, man!—more!’

For a little while, Mary served him well; and had the straw ready when he called ‘More straw!’ But she was soon tired, and Frank called

‘More straw!—more, man!—more!’ several times before she was ready. Frank grew angry, and said she was slow, and awkward, and lazy; and she said, she was hot and tired, and that she would not be his *straw man* any longer. Frank tried to convince her, that she was wrong; and to prove it to her, repeated what his father had told him about the division of labour.

‘You see,’ said he, ‘I am forced to come down the ladder, every time I want straw: I lose my time, and I cannot get on nearly so quickly, as if you carried it to me. When I go on doing one thing, and you doing another, to be ready for me, you cannot think how well and quickly we get on—that is dividing the labour—the division of labour—you understand?’

† Mary did not understand. She said, ‘I do not know any thing about that; but I don’t like

to be your straw man any longer, and I will not.<sup>2</sup>

Frank pushed her away, telling her that she might go wherever she pleased.—She stood still, and began to cry. Then Frank was sorry he had been so angry with her; and she dried up her tears when he told her so, and she said, she would be his *straw man* again, if he would not call ‘More straw!—more, man!’ so very fast; and if he would not call her stupid or lazy.

To this, Frank agreed: and they went on again for some time, he thatching, and she carrying straw, and placing little bundles ready for him: and they were very happy: he working quickly and she helping him nicely.

‘How much happier it is not to quarrel!’ said little Mary. ‘But now I am really quite tired—will you let me rest?’

‘Yes and welcome!’ said Frank; ‘though I am not in the least tired.’

He came down the ladder, and he went and looked for some wood strawberries, and brought them to her, and they eat them together very happily.

‘I cut, and you choose—that is fair, is not it, Mary?’ said Frank.

Whenever any pie or pudding, fruit, cake, or any thing which they both liked to eat, was given to them, Frank was usually desired to

divide it; and this he did with the most accurate justice. When he had divided it, as well as he could, he always desired Mary to choose whichever piece she liked for herself; so that, if there was any advantage she might have it.—This was being just: but, besides being just, Frank was generous. Every thing, that was given to him, to share with his little cousin, he always gave her a part, and often a larger or a better part, than that, which he kept for himself. Nobody knew this but Mary and himself; for he did not want to be praised for it; the pleasure he felt in doing it, and the pleasure he saw that he gave her, was quite enough.

But, though Frank was so good-natured to his little cousin, yet he had faults. He was passionate; and, sometimes, when he was in a passion, he did what he was afterwards very sorry for. Till little Mary came to his mother's, he had not been used to live with any one, who was weaker and younger than himself.

When he found he was the strongest, he sometimes, in playing with little Mary, took advantage of his strength, to make her do what he commanded her, and, when he was impatient to get any thing from her, he now and then snatched or forced it rudely from her hand. One day, she had a new ball, which she held between both her hands, and she would not let Frank

look at it ; she was half in play, and at first, Frank was playing with her also : but when she persisted in refusing to let him see it, he grew angry, and squeezed her hands, and twisted her wrist with violence, to make her open her hands. She being in great pain, cried out so loudly, that Frank's father, who was in the room over that in which they were, came down, to inquire what was the matter. Mary stopped crying the moment he appeared : Frank looked ashamed, but he went forward to his father directly, and said—

‘ It was I who hurt her, papa—I squeezed her hands to make her give me this ball.’

‘ You have hurt her indeed ?’ said his father, looking at little Mary's wrist : which was very red, and was beginning to swell. ‘ Oh, Frank !’ continued his father, ‘ I thought you would use your strength to help, and not to hurt, those who are weaker than yourself.’

‘ So I do, always, papa ; except she puts me in a passion.’

‘ But the ball was my own ball,’ said Mary ; ‘ and you had no right to take it from me.’

‘ I did not want to take it from you, Mary, I only wanted to look at it ; and you began first to be cross—you were very cross.’

‘ No, Frank ; you were the *cross*est.’

‘ You are both cross now, I think,’ said Frank's

father ; ' and, since you cannot agree when you are together, you must be separated.'

Then he sent them into different rooms, and they were not allowed to play together, during the remainder of that day.

The next morning, at breakfast, Frank's father asked them whether they had been as happy yesterday as they usually had been ; and they both answered, no. Then, he asked,

' Do you like better to be together, or to be separate ?'

' We like a great deal better to be together,' said Frank and Mary.

' Then, my dear children, take care and do not quarrel,' said Frank's father, ' for, whenever you quarrel, without asking any questions about who was cross, or crosser, or crossest, or who began first, I shall end your dispute at once by separating you—You, Frank, understand the nature and use of punishment ; you know——'

' Yes, papa, I know,' interrupted Frank, ' that it is—it is pain—Papa, will you explain it ? for, though I know it, I cannot say it in good words.'

' Try to explain it, in any words.'

' When you punish me, papa, you give me pain, or you take something from me, which I like to have, or you hinder me from having

something that I like, or from doing something that I like to do——'

'Well, go on : when, and for what reason, do I give you pain, or prevent you from having pleasure ?'

'When I have done something wrong, and because I have done something wrong.'

'And do I give you this pain of punishment because I like to give you pain, or for what purpose ?'

'Not because you like to give me pain, I am sure, papa ; but to cure me of my faults—to hinder me from doing wrong again.'

'And how will punishment cure you of your faults, or prevent you from doing wrong again ?'

'You know, papa, I should be afraid to have the same punishment again, if I were to do the same wrong thing ; and the pain, and the shame of the punishment, make me remember—I remember them—a great while ; and the punishment comes into my head, that is, I think of it again, whenever I think of the wrong thing, for which I was punished ; and, if I was tempted to do the same thing again, just at the very time, I should recollect the punishment and I should not do it. I believe——'

'Then according to your description of it, just punishment is pain given to a person, who

has done what is wrong, to prevent that person from doing wrong again ?'

' Yes, papa ; that is what I wanted to say.'

' And is there no other use in punishments, do you think, Frank ?'

' Oh yes, papa !—to prevent other people from doing wrong ; because they see the person, who has done wrong, is punished ; and, if they are sure, that they shall have the same punishment, if they do the same thing, they take care not to do it. I heard John the gardener's son saying yesterday to his brother, that the boy, who robbed his garden last week, was taken and had been whipped ; and, that this would be a fine example for all the children in the village, and would hinder them from doing the same thing again.'

' Then just punishment is pain given to those, who do wrong, to prevent them from doing that wrong again ; and to prevent others from doing wrong !'

' Yes, papa,' said Frank ; ' but, papa, why do you tell me all this ? why do you ask me these things ?'

' Because, my dear son, now that you are become a reasonable creature, and that you can understand me, I wish, as much as possible, to explain to you the reasons for all I do, in educating you. Brutes, who have no sense, are



governed by blows; but human creatures, who can think and reason, can be governed, and can govern themselves, by considering what is right, and what makes them happy. I do not treat you as a brute, but as a reasonable creature; and, on every occasion, I endeavour to explain to you what is right and wrong, and what is just and unjust.'

'Thank you, papa,' said Frank—'I wish to be treated like a reasonable creature. Papa, may I say *one thing* ?'

'As many things as you please, my dear.'

'But, papa, this *one thing* is about you; and perhaps you will not like it.—Papa, I do not think it is just to separate Mary and me, whenever we quarrel, without examining or inquiring which is in the wrong.'

'When people quarrel, they generally are both in the wrong.'

'But not always, papa; and one is often more in the wrong than the other; and it is not just, that the one, who is least in the wrong, should be punished as much as the person, who did the most wrong.'

Here Frank paused, and the tears came into his eyes; and, after a little struggle with himself, he added—

'Now it is all over, papa, I must tell you, that I was most to blame.—I was the most in the

wrong, in that quarrel, which little Mary and I had yesterday: It was I who hurt her, by squeezing her hand violently, and she only cried out; and yet she was punished as much as I was.'

'My dear, honest, just, generous boy!' said his father, putting his hand upon Frank's head, 'act always, feel always, as you now do; and, when you have been wrong, always have candour and courage enough to acknowledge it.'

Little Mary, who had gone away to her playthings, whilst they had been talking of what she did not understand, left her playthings and came back, and stood beside Frank, looking up in his face, and listening eagerly when he said that he had been most to blame in their quarrel. And when his father praised him, Mary smiled, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. After his father had done speaking, she said—

'Frank is very good, to tell that he was the most wrong; but I was a little wrong; I cried more than I should have done, and a great deal louder, because I was angry.'

'There is a good girl!' said Frank's father, stroking her head—'Now that is all over, let us think of the future.—You say, Frank, that you do not think it just, that you should be separated, when you quarrel, because that separation is the same punishment for both, when perhaps one only

is to blame, or one much more to blame than the other. Do I understand you?—Do I state clearly what you mean?’

‘Yes, papa—pretty well—not quite. I think the separating us is just enough, because, as you say, when we quarrel, we generally are both to blame more or less, and besides, when we are angry, we cannot have any pleasure in being together—So I give up that. But I think, that, before you separate us, you or mamma should always inquire and find out, which of us is most to blame, and exactly how much; and then the person, who has been the most wrong, will have the most shame; and that will make the punishment just as it should be.’

‘Well argued, my boy!—This would be strictly just, as far as you two are concerned; but you must consider, also, what is just for your mother and for me.’

‘What do you mean, papa?—I do not want to punish mamma or you—you do not quarrel,’ said Frank laughing—‘I do not wish to separate you, or to punish mamma or you, papa—I do not understand you.’

‘Listen to me, and perhaps I shall make you understand me. You say you do not want to punish me or your mother; and yet you would punish us both whenever you quarrelled, if we were obliged to give up our time, and to leave

whatever we were doing, that was agreeable to us, in order to settle which of you two were most to blame, in a dispute perhaps, about a straw, or something of as little value.—Now suppose you two were to quarrel every hour——’

‘O sir!’ interrupted little Mary, ‘quarrel every hour!—Oh!—Oh!—that is quite impossible.’

‘But my father only says *suppose*—We can suppose any thing, you know,’ said Frank, ‘Well, *suppose*, papa——’

‘And, suppose, Frank, that every hour it would require a quarter of an hour of your mother’s time or mine to listen to both, and settle which was most to blame——’

‘A quarter of an hour!—that is a great deal too much time to allow.’

‘We have been talking now, Frank, above a quarter of an hour, I think.’

‘Indeed!—I never should have guessed that!’

‘Should not you?—When people are much interested about any thing, they talk on a great while, without considering how time passes.’

‘That is true. Well, allow a quarter of an hour each quarrel, and one every hour,’ said Frank.

‘And count twelve hours as a day—Then twelve quarters of an hour, Mary, how many whole hours will that make?’

Mary answered, after thinking a little while — ‘ I don’t know.’

Frank answered— ‘ Three hours.’

‘ So, three whole hours, Frank, your mother or I must, according to your plan, give up every day, to settling your quarrels.’

‘ That would be too much really!’ said Frank. ‘ But this is only arguing on your sup-  
pose, papa.’

‘ Well, state that you quarrel only once a day ; tell me, why your mother or I should be punished by taking up our time disagreeably in settling your little disputes, provided any other manner of settling them would succeed as well—Be just to us, Frank, as well as to yourself and to Mary.’

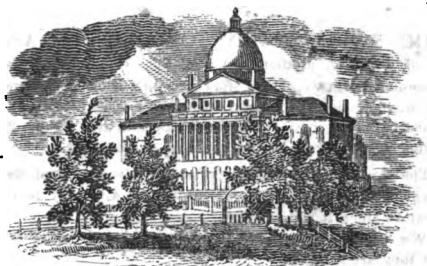
‘ I will, papa—I will be just to you ; I acknowledge we should not take up your time disagreeably, in settling our disputes, *if* they could be settled as well any other way ; but all depends upon that *if*—You will acknowledge *that*, father ?’

‘ I do acknowledge it, son. This question can be decided then only by experience—by trying, whether the fact is so or not. Let us try my way, if you please, for one month ; and, afterwards, if mine does not succeed, I will try yours.’

END.

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[A Sequel to Frank, by Miss Edgeworth, is published in two vols.]



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